SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Good Manners in Criticism

IT is a long road that criticism has traveled since the days of Jeffrey and Lockhart and the abusive outpourings of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Yet though vituperation has gone out of fashion in criticism temperateness and generosity have not entirely come in. It is still too frequently the way of reviewers to think violence or scorn a better means for demolishing unsuccessful performance than courtesy and detachment. Especially is the amateur prone to think derision an effectual instrument in pronouncing judgment, forgetting that honest effort no matter how mistaken is at least worthy the tribute of respect. Knowledge and achievement are always respectful of the failures of others, for none know so well as they at what cost of pains eminence is won.

In nine cases out of ten where criticism is ill-natured, its bad temper is a confession of weakness. Either the critic is attempting to disguise an inability to marshal scientific reasons for an adverse opinion by the heat in which he clothes his dislike, or else it is not so much art and literature he is thinking of as the impression of cleverness and superiority his words are creating. Yet that way lies oblivion not recognition. Genuinely distinguished critical writing has never been done with one eye on the public. It has always been inspired by a desire to disseminate "the best that has been thought and said in the world," not to establish the cleverness of the writer. That is the reason it has been able to compass both urbanity and strength. For while it has eschewed violence and arrogance, it has been bound by the honesty of its purpose to expose ignorance, condemn superficiality, and display shortcomings. But it has considered them cause for regret not abuse, and though it has not spared lustiness in denouncing the false and the weak it has pronounced against them on the grounds of reason not of sentiment. And it has always regarded criticism as an affirmative not a negative art.

One of the commonest misconceptions into which the amateur critic falls is that of deeming the critic's function to be fault-finding rather than analysis. It is a notion that has perhaps come down from the days of Jeffrey and Lockhart but it has no proper strength. The business of the critic is first to illuminate and then to appraise; to illuminate by displaying the author's intention, bearing, and trend, and to appraise by showing the measure of success as well as of failure he achieves. Since it is the true critic's delight to see the craft he honors carried to fresh attainments his detachment rarely implies coldness; when he finds the good he glows to it, and warms to the task of displaying merit. Faults, since he is honest and discriminating, he must point out, but it is not for them primarily that he looks. He knows that literature like the soul is blent of good and bad, and he is tolerant of the one because he is hopeful of the other. If he is a right critic he makes moderation, not vehemence, his rule.

In the long run restraint in criticism, like restraint in conduct, is far more conducive to a respectful hearing than a constant pæan of praise or screech of disapproval. For restraint is of itself persuasive, and when under strong stress of emotion it suddenly warms to fervor the unwonted heat has the effectiveness of the rare and the desirable. That critic, who is on principle respectful and in practice courteous, if he unexpectedly throbs into indignation or expands to enthusiasm will need no discounting on the score of habitual over-exuberance.

The Tailor

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

YOU may call the feminine dog a bitch,
You may call the pig a pig,
You may abuse any beast you choose
From the elephants down to the pigmy shrews,
From the elephants up to the crowned hoopoes,
Tiny or little or big:
Only you shall not dare
To abuse the things they wear.
Things which are never too loose or tight
And never too heavy and never too light
But absolutely
O so minutely
Adequate, suitable, right.

Dresses for Cinderella
Of silk and satin and cloth.
Are not a patch on the bat's umbrella
Or the powdered fans of the moth;
Or the frog's green jumping breeches;
Or the leopard's costume which is
A dazzle of spots like a veiled design;
Or the zebra's marvelous dazzle of line;
Or the gibbon's gloves or the tufts of hair
Grown in the boots of the polar bear;
Or the penguin's snowy vest;
Or the cockatoo's white crest;
Or the morning coat which the wagtails know
Is always *de rigueur* and never *de trop*,
Or the lamb's white woolly pants,
Or lumbering elephants'
Grey overalls that almost might
Be skins they fit so exactly right,
Never too loose or tight,
Never too heavy or light,
But absolutely,
O so minutely,
Adequate, suitable, right.

This Week

"Contemporary French Literature." Reviewed by *Malcolm Cowley.*
"Variety." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"Replenishing Jessica." Reviewed by *Ben Ray Redman.*
"The Cruise of the Nona." Reviewed by *Robert C. Holliday.*
"Early Life and Letters of Cavour." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Criticism of Poetry. By *Edith Sitwell.*
"Firecrackers." Reviewed by *Henry W. Fuller.*

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The Heart of the Matter

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

IN a recent, much-discussed novel, "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, when Tessa, the young heroine—over-young one feels her, for the maturity of the drama in which she is involved—has just died, killed, practically, by the blindness and carelessness of the man who loves her, and lies in the ambiguous foreign lodging-house to which he has brought her, after their flight from England and respectability, the sentence in which Miss Kennedy sums up her final contemplation of her heroine is:

> The night wind blew in, swaying the dusty curtains, and all the sheets of music on the floor went rustling and flapping like fallen leaves. A chill tempest, it blew over the quiet bed, but it could not wake her. She slept on, where they had flung her down among the pillows, silent, undefeated, young.

At the end of "Le Grand Meaulnes," Alain Fournier's only novel—killed in the War as he was—Meaulnes's faithful friend and the faithful friend of Yvonne, Meaulnes's wife, carries her dead body down the stairs that are too winding to let the coffin pass, and the heart of his tragedy, and of Meaulnes's and Yvonne's, is reached as he says:

> Ce gout de terre de mort, ce poids sur le cœur, c'est tout ce qui reste pour moi de la grande aventure, et de vous, Yvonne de Galais, jeune femme tant cherchée—tant aimée.

And in another recent novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," by Virginia Woolf, exquisite, aging Clarissa, at the end of her London day, in the midst of her successful party, is suddenly confronted with the realization of death. She goes into a still, dark little room and looks out at the night sky and sees the face of the old lady opposite looking out at her.

To detach such sentences, such incidents, from their setting, is to lift a sea-anemone from its pool, their significance and beauty leave them; but in their place, standing at the heart of a book, as the anemone stands in its transparent element, sea-water implicit in its every filament, they sum up not only the life of the book but of its writer.

It is by such phrases and incidents that one remembers a novel, as the face of a friend may rise before us, at a certain moment, wearing a certain look that so reveals what we most love in them that tears come to our eyes as we recall it. They reveal the heart of a writer's feeling for his creation and are implicit in it from the beginning. From the beginning, I feel sure, Miss Kennedy saw Tessa on the bed, "silent, undefeated, young," and Mrs. Woolf saw Clarissa at the window and her unity with the old lady oposite to whom she had never spoken—the old lady who was going to bed while she was giving her party;—and Alain Fournier saw Yvonne in her blue velvet dress sown with silver stars, saw her dead hair, and felt her weight against her lover's heart. These are the things we never forget in a novel. They are often the seemingly insignificant things, like the mushrooms that the old peasant puts into his blouse for his wife, during the reaping in "Anna Karénine," or like the vast stillness and splendor of the blue sky above the battlefield at which André looks up as he recovers consciousness, in "La Guerre et la Paix." A biographer of Lévine or André would know nothing of the mushrooms or the sky, but to themselves such memories would be landmarks in their lives, the real inner life which is so very different an affair from the outer. Someone smiled then—it may not even have been at us—or did not smile; that was enough

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to alter the whole current of the river and our landscape will never again be the same.

It is in a writer's capacity for feeling the significance of such moments and for finding the words with which to express it, and in which to sum up his whole theme, as with a closing chord, that we can best gauge the depth of his insight and the force of his mastery. Intelligence will not take its place, nor wit nor even beauty. Some very great novels lack the quality I mean, Meredith's, for instance, and Henry James's. One recalls nothing in them as one recalls the face of a friend at that moment of unconscious revelation. Tears never rise for a phrase of Meredith's. Agile, penetrating, dramatically grave or tirelessly coruscating, he rarely seems to reach the heart of life and rest there, enfranchised and contemplative, though he circles round it with splendors of comment and display that are sometimes exhilarating and sometimes merely exasperating. Knowing so much about the heart he is still singularly heartless. The capacity for feeling may not have lacked, but what did lack was the capacity for communicating it unalloyed by parade or gusto.

* * *

In Henry James a marvellous sensitiveness to each least impact of experience protected itself, one imagines, against life's heaviest blows by keeping the heart of reality at a distance. Reality alarmed as much as it fascinated him and he only approached it when he saw it safely clothed in the complexities and preoccupations of super-civilization. Enchanting, absorbing as he is, lovable and often deeply moving, we do not feel that sense of tears for a single one of his situations or figures—unless it is the wistful little figure of "the Pupil."

Take a sentence at the end of "The Wings of the Dove," and he never wrote a lovelier one, where Densher contemplates his memory of dead Milly:

> Then he took it out of its sacred corner and its soft wrappings; he undid them one by one, handling them, handling *it*, as a father, baffled and tender, might handle a maimed child.

There we have Henry James's art, and his heart, in fullest measure. Yet, lovely as the sentence is, we are not at one with it, or with Densher in
ntemplation. Something comes between, mak-
s more aware of its beauty and less aware
ensher and Milly; something palpably artful;
avor of a pleasure in craftsmanship. The medium is still there, exquisite but untranscended.

* * *

How differently rings the end of the great chapter in "L'Idiot" where Rogogine has killed Nastasia, and Prince Muichkine—Léon Nikolaïévitch—sits beside him. I read the Russians in French and any translation, of course, must give us the meaning divested of all the sound and shape in which its author clothed it, and sound and shape are an integral part, as we have seen, of the feeling they convey. Even so, what do we see and feel?

> Du moins, lorsque, quelques heures après, la porte s'ouvrit, ceux qui entrèrent dans la chambre trouvèrent l'assassin complètement privé de connaissance et un proie a une fièvre ardente. A côté de lui était assis sur le lit Léon Nikolaïévitch immobile et silencieux. Chaque fois que le malade commencait a délirer et à pousser des cris le prince, aussitôt, lui passait sa main tremblante sur les cheveux et sur les joues pour le faire taire par cette caresse.

We are just helped to bear that; but it is almost more than we can bear, as it is almost more, we feel, for all his mastery, than Dostoievsky can bear, and its taste upon our lips, as of hyssop and vinegar, brings to our memory the scene of another crucifixion. Art is there, but art transcended, and emotion is there, mastered, and we have reached the realm of acceptance and contemplation. This sense of religion flows through all that Dostoievsky wrote, carrying him—and us with him—into strange complicities with depravity and madness; the feeling of the spiritual unity that binds men together and of the mystery that underlies their lives.

It is this quality, a mystical quality one may call it, which, in varying degrees, is implicit in all these haunting sentences, and we may recognize it in most unlikely places. Could any writer seem more unmystical than wise, cheerful, magnanimous Trollope, so prosaic, so pedestrian, so humorously acquiescent in the order of things as he sees it; yet what is it, again but the sense of tears that overcomes us in "The Last Chronicle of Barset" when Mr. Crawley, (one of the great figures of literature) exonerated after his long martydom, says to Mr. Toogood:—

> I do not as yet fully understand you, sir, being, perhaps, in such matters somewhat dull of intellect, but it seemeth to me that you are a messenger of glad tidings, whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains.

So exquisite in itself, so exquisite on Mr. Crawley's lips, with savor of heavenly absudity, who that finds the quotation in this setting could deny to Trollope the quality that is our theme? It brushes us, as with an angel's wing, at the end of Francois Mauriac's "Génétrix," that sunny, dusty, dreary book, where the wretched, abandoned man feels, at dawn, the hand of the old servant, who has returned to him, laid on his head. It shines with love and pity through all that Katherine Mansfield wrote, and though the sober securities of Arnold Bennett's finest book—"The Old Wive's Tale," give hardly a hint of it, do we not feel its breath in "Elsie and the Child," in the extraordinarily touching scene where dear Elsie comforts her over-wrought Joe?

One might wander among one's memories for many an hour applying the test and see never an answering ray, for it must be owned that there are great books that cast not one beam of this particular brightness. Flaubert and Stendhal dry our very heart's-blood and stop its beating: it is a dreadful brightness that we feel in them. The strange case of Marcel Proust leaves us in an uneasy uncertainty; perhaps it was his own; and we do not yet know whether his Temps Retrouvé is in some unpredictable way to resolve in a final justifying chord so much magnificent or loathly irrelevance. Some sentences, some descriptions—as of the church spires on the horizon in "Swann," or the dead grandmother's face—its lovely youth recovered after the agony—make us feel that such magic must possess its own key. Yet we are left doubting; we are left even suspecting that in the vast labyrinthine edifice, covering ever more and more space yet rising never by a span above its first levels, some torturing complex seeks to appease itself by a confession that is yet a constant duplicity.

Turning from all these, we may still own that many of the books we most care for and could not imagine ourselves without, have none of the religious or contemplative quality. Jane Austen is tearless, yet we can read her forever. We may choose not to read Marcel Proust at all, and it is as difficult to re-read "L'Idiot" or "Les Frères Karamasow" as to withstand twice in a life-time, the shock, and surge, and appalling uplifting of a tidal-wave; but "Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice" we can read every time we have the influenza. Sincerity, sobriety, security, these are also essential qualities in the making of a great writer and she has them all, and with them her matchless, unhurried, tolerant humor. It is dangerous to feel much unless one is great enough to feel much, and wise and charming as she is her glance would be the pin-prick to many an inflated emotion, though to many real ones she would be blind. The heart of the matter is not to be reached by any short cut nor by ambitious effort or anxious æsthetic theory and to see her delicate fountain rising in its formal garden increases our distaste for the turgid floods that inundate the literary landscape claiming to be clear lakes and mighty rivers.

In a recent letter addressed to the press, Mr. George H. Emerson says:

"It is stated in the notice of Mrs. Bayard Taylor's death that, 'resenting America's attitude, she returned to her native land during the war,' and 'she expressed a determination never to return to the United States, making no attempt to conceal her displeasure at the attitude of her adopted country toward her native land, Germany, in the World War."

"This is a repetition of some fiction which appeared in the daily papers at the time she left and which greatly distressed the distinguished old lady.

"Mrs. Taylor, in July, 1915, was 86 years of age, and she went to Germany to be with her daughter, for the sole reason that there was no one in the United States to look after her. She had a host of friends, but no one who could really take care of her. She undoubtedly was much depressed by the war and saddened by it, but the statements attributed to her she never made.

"I personally made all arrangements for her going, and heard what she said to the reporters who saw her off. She was very sorry to be forced to go, for she loved the United States and during the last ten years had often in letters to me regretted that she would not again see her beloved country."

An Excellent Manual

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE. By RENE LALOU. Translated by WILLIAM ASPINWALL BRADLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $3.50 net.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

ANY review of "Contemporary French Literature" should begin by stating that the book is excellent. Indeed, for those who are seriously interested in the progress of French literature since 1870, it is almost indispensable. It traces the meandering course of poetry from the Parnassian school, through the Decadents, Symbolists, and Cubists, to the exasperated impressionism of Dada. It follows the drama from Antoine to Copeau, and the novel from Zola to "Les Caves du Vatican." It mentions, roughly, 640 names; and out of this regiment it manages to distinguish not only the companies and platoons, but the personality of the leaders.

Like every critic, René Lalou is prejudiced. His strongest bias is the most pardonable of all, for it is against the commercial spirit in literature. Of course we all feel in the abstract that questions of money or popularity should not be allowed to influence an author; but with Lalou this feeling has the power of unexpressed dogma. One can be sure that he will write with entire sympathy about disinterested students like Mallarmé or Valéry; and, conversely, will be unreasonably bitter against Edmond Rostand and Henri Bataille. When he sincerely hates a poet like Tailhade, he can find no more contemptuous epithet than "Journalist"!

A second prejudice is in favor of the writer with a message. Here again Lalou is largely justified. It is important to emphasize the fact that French literature is no longer purely concerned with questions of form and technique. It is also just to say that Gide is superior to de Gourmont, and for the reason that he writes with a sense of conviction which de Gourmont lacked. But Lalou goes farther; he minimizes the importance of de Gourmont and makes one believe that the sense of conviction, not the sense of literature, is the reason why Gide should be admired. To read Lalou, one might easily believe that he was writing a source-book of philosophy and morals.

* * *

A more serious fault is the fact that he becomes involved in the quarrel of the schools, in spite of his efforts to remain impartial. "As for living authors," he writes in a preface which unfortunately has not been translated for the American edition, "I am absolutely unacquainted with them personally, and can say that my judgments have been determined solely by their books." The fact remains, however, that his judgments coincide to a remarkable extent with those current among the Abby group. He vastly over-rates the importance of Jules Romains, the master of that school; and he is unjust to Apollinaire, who was its bitterest enemy.

These are the most serious flaws in a work distinguished usually by its sobriety and justice. They are faults, moreover, which are easy to forgive, for Lalou was facing a tremendous task. Had he chosen to study another period, he would have been aided by all the critics who have compared, summarized, and evaluated the literature of the past. Even the least of them acts as a filter, rejecting each a portion of the transitory and impure; and as result of all their labors, the past reaches us in the state of a comparatively clear fluid. The present, however, is raw material; it is left to the historian of contemporary literature to perform most of the labor of clarification for himself. René Lalou has succeeded admirably. It is all the more to his credit that the success was achieved almost without a touch of genius.

By genius in this connection I understand an element of revelation or discovery added to talent. Thus, genius in criticism would be manifested by the discovery of new values, new writers, new points of view: a feat which Remy de Gourmont, to mention no greater name, was often able to perform. Verlaine rarely turned to criticism, but he once revealed three almost unknown poets in a single essay: their names were Arthur Rimbaud, Tristan Corbière, and Stéphane Mallarmé. Out of all his 640 authors, Lalou reveals no one; discovers no one; his talent consists in defining and summarizing opinions which already were vaguely current before he wrote. It is precisely this talent which makes his book so valuable to the student.

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Connell's Light Tales

VARIETY. By RICHARD CONNELL. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH "The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon," which originally appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Richard Connell first drew the attention of contemporary critics of the short story. Since then he has turned out three volumes of short stories, collections of contributions to a variety of magazines. "Variety" is the third of these. Strangely enough, most of the stories are good!

In the book before us he falls down, we think, in his admittedly satiric story, and "All Wrong," his advertising story, is a decided flop. But his sex story, "Spring Flow'rets *or* Womanhood Eternal," is a complete humorous success, "The Most Dangerous Game," while *opera bouffe*, is extraordinarily clever, "The Hero of the Devil's Kitchen" shows real ironic power, and the cynical brevity of "Neighbors" is a ten-strike. These are our own choices. There are thirteen stories in all, all easy to read, all displaying facility and versatility.

Connell seems to us one of the sensible magazine writers who sticks to his own particular box of tricks and does not often attempt to reach beyond his grasp. He is not impressed, evidently, by the various kinds of "blah" that are so constantly exploited in our garish periodicals. Neither, although he has appeared frequently in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is he one of their propaganda writers. He retains both his sense of humor and a pen not actually for hire.

"Variety" is a light book. It is far from being great, gripping, or significant. But it is capably written and contains original ideas. We wish that more magazine writers had as much sense about their limitations as has Mr. Connell and gave us as honest stories.

Frustration

REPLENISHING JESSICA. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

A WISE Frenchman has remarked that one of the most difficult tasks an author can undertake is "*celui de raconter sans aucune niaiserie des actes nias;*" and to this we may add the corollary that it is equally difficult for an author to recount the continual frustrations of a character without, unintentionally, causing his readers to experience a certain sense of sympathetic frustration. In "Replenishing Jessica," Maxwell Bodenheim has so notably failed to avoid this catastrophe that frustration and boredom will inevitably be suffered by many of the novel's readers. Yet it would be unjust to imply that his failure is due wholly to the intrinsic nature of his chosen subject, for another man might have told successfully the tale of Jessica Maringold, whose amorous adventures were so consistently unsatisfactory that she could have uttered the famous phrase of Stendhal's Lamiel as an epilogue to each experimental episode.

Bodenheim's failure is compacted of various elements: compelled, for his story's sake, to narrate a number of similar incidents, he has been unable to avoid tediousness; compelled to write conversations that should be colloquial, he has been guilty of a pompous awkwardness, varied by the occasional use of slang between self-conscious quotation marks; with no particular compulsion towards sententiousness, he has yet chosen to adopt it; and, finally, he has written of a *milieu*, and of certain characters, with which he is uncomfortably unfamiliar. The results of this unfamiliarity are sometimes amusing, sometimes disturbing. For example, Purrel, supposedly a worldly man of wealth, finds that he must play the unwilling host to an artist friend of Jessica's, and the author makes him reflect: "It would be embarrassing to go to a 'swell' cabaret with a man not dressed for the occasion, and people at the other tables would stare at them and make ridiculing comments." Purrel's discomfort is less than that of the reader, who immediately ceases to believe in the character the author is attempting to create.

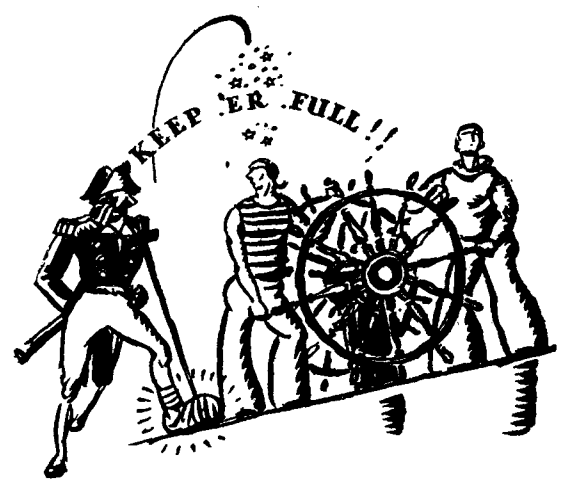
But if Bodenheim is unfamiliar with such persons as Purrel, he suffers from no similar disability in the case of Jessica herself. That she is a creation somewhat more specialized, concentrated, and consistent than nature usually produces, does not alter the fact that she is drawn with commendable accuracy from life. Through the flesh Jessica is forever longing for satisfaction that is above the flesh. In New York and in London, with one man after another, she tries to clasp the ecstasy which she, in common with so many other mortals, seems to consider mankind's inalienable right. And with each dawn, or sometimes before, she realizes that ecstasy has again eluded her. This is a common experience, particularly common, we are assured by experts, in the case of women,—though only Tiresias can vouch for that. But the record of such a heroine must be set down with art if it is to make a novel worth reading, and it is just this art that "Replenishing Jessica" lacks. To crown it all, the abrupt ending carries no conviction, so the novel, at the last, is robbed of the bleak virtue that distinguishes even a true case history.

Believe in This Our Time

THE CRUISE OF THE NONA. By HILIARE BELLOC. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

ONCE upon a time, when all the world was young, maybe twenty years ago, very fortunate people, born under a happy star, but not many at that, came upon one of the most joyous books in all the world, then quite new, a lusty, jovial, gorgeous book, a book to feed the sinews, to tickle the ribs, to open the heart, to leave a glow of color indelibly in the mind. This book, of course, was "The Path to Rome," by one Hilaire Belloc, a sturdy Englishman with some French inheritance in his blood. It was, in a manner of speaking, a chronicle of the adventures of a soul on a walking tour through France and Italy—a rugged, hilarious soul,



From "Full and By," edited by Cameron Rogers and illustrated by Edward A. Wilson (Doubleday, Page)

full of the flavor of good wine, of devout religion, of profound enthusiasm for the great master Rabelais, of noble fondness for many things, and, in a Bellocian phrase of those days, of "laughter and the love of friends."

Not a great while after the appearance of this book there was another by this same man, called "The Four Men," again a rollicking narrative, in a manner of speaking, of a walking tour, this time about England, a book companion in spirit to the earlier one, and also cherished in memory to this day by those who luckily read it then with a young and ardent heart. Since that time this Mr. Belloc has become more generally known among us over here, as an essayist, a poet, historian, stylist, military critic, publicist, lecturer, a tireless expounder and advocate of Catholic culture, and a variety of other things. As a scholar and a gentleman, of the old order, he is, undoubtedly, one of the outstanding and most flavorsome figures of the British scene today. There are some who assert that he himself tells us overmuch that he is a scholar and a gentleman, an Englishman, an honest man, an oracle, and a Roman Catholic. We'll let that ride for the moment.

Anyhow, Mr. Belloc has done a good deal during the last one-score years. The point to be made, however, in this review is that the years have done a good deal to Mr. Belloc. On his holiday larks his driving energy has thrown off any amount of robust entertainment in volumes extending from "The Green Overcoat" to "One Nothing"—nobody (as a veteran Bellocian, of course, I say it) at all equals him in his capacity for hearty fooling; and in his business hours, so to say, he has done a whole lot of mighty hard-headed, thoroughly independent, and highly original thinking. Mistaken, sometimes; all mortals are.

(Please try to be patient. I am coming to the point as fast as I can.) Both in his business hours and in his time off, Mr. Belloc has been an insatiable student of contemporary affairs throughout, to use one of his favorite words, all Christendom. His curiosity is prodigious. He has a kind of boiling lust for knowledge, for every thing from topography to typography, and a mastery in assimilating and analyzing facts. He is constantly going and coming; to an unusual degree he moves about a man among men. His sincerity might be called ferocious. His moral courage is simply magnificent. His worldly shrewdness is immense. And all the while he can write like a house afire. Now where has all this brought him?

Mr. Belloc's prose writing is of two kinds. In his business hours he produces works which are models of exposition and argument. Every paragraph is a block in an architectural structure, supporting in its proportion the whole. The work, to change the figure, drives through unswervingly to its appointed conclusion. The thesis is the thing! As, I am inclined to think, the most brilliant performance in this kind of thing which his career has given us, I would refer all who are interested in Mr. Belloc, in forceful writing and cogent thinking, in the subject of the United States, to a recent volume, "The Contrast," published perhaps a couple of years ago. The fulness of his powers as a commentator, applied in bang-up, business-like fashion —in what is certainly the most surprising book ever written about us by a foreigner—are there.

Following upon that we have now another volume come out of, to put it so, his time off, "The Cruise of the Nona." Wandering the sea now in a small nine-ton boat instead of wayfaring over the rugged earth, the present volume follows in design, or absence of design, the form, or formlessness, of those golden books of his younger days of which I have spoken; it is again a farrago of reminiscences, judgments, stories, "and all the rest that comes into a man's mind when he is thinking upon the past and upon his own acquired knowledge." It ranges from cads to theology and from empty minds to mortality.

Now the reader will note a certain grimness about the tone of this book. There is a moment in the volume where Mr. Belloc says: "A man should learn all the songs he can. . . . One cannot sing in a book. Could a man sing in a book, willingly would I sing to you here and now in a loud voice 'The Corn Beef Can' and 'The Tom Cat,' those admirable songs which I learnt in early manhood upon the Atlantic seas." That is an echo of far-off Bellocian days! Now in "The Path to Rome" Mr. Belloc *did* sing in a book; he had, if I remember correctly, the music all printed out. But more than that,—far, far, more,—the whole book sang. The song—and *that*, alas! is what time has done to him—has gone out of him.

He is sore all the way through. He has a perpetual "mad" on. He is filled with detestation of "the degraded modern mind." "Fool" is a great word, and "folly." "Today was made for fools." Whenever he says "this time of ours," whenever he says "the modern world," and he says these things a great deal, it is said like a curse. For "the morass wherein we are sinking" he blames most "the very rich," "tin lid politicians," "the scientists," "popular education," and the disappearance of "the aristocratic state." Two things only can he hold by, the majestic and mysterious sea on whose bosom he "escapes" from man, and "the Faith." Yes, one spark of hope he sees in the New World, in the United States.

It is not, as you may guess, a book to take with joy the heart of a young man; but it is an exceedingly ponderable volume for those of "this our time." And it is a most revealing book for Bellocians, for the reason that, obliquely, it is very much about Mr. Belloc himself. We hear, for one thing, how long ago he first came by his way of explaining practically everything upon the ground of theology. Interspersed throughout the volume are notable, and noble, passages of narration and description of storm and calm on the sea. As to style, its precision, the iron in it, the beat and swing of it, take a page anywhere out of this book and place it beside almost any other page written today—and see what you see. The other page will very likely be nowhere.

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The Youthful Cavour

THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR. 1810-1848. By A. J. WHYTE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT
Harvard University

UNDOUBTEDLY there is just now—in English at least—what the publishers call a "revival" of interest in the history of nineteenth century Italy, especially in the period of the Risorgimento and the struggle for unity and independence. It was emphasized, if not actually begun, by Mr. Trevelyan with his brilliant story of Garibaldi and his Thousand. It has recently been reinforced by a new study of Mazzini; and it is now further strengthened by Mr. Whyte's volume on the early life of Cavour. A good many years ago Mr. Thayer's biography of Cavour provided most Americans who knew anything of that creator of modern Italy with most of what they knew about him—and most college instructors who taught that period of history with a convenient and very useful example of "outside reading" on the subject. But much water has flowed under the charming bridges of Italy since Mr. Thayer wrote, and much investigation has been done in Italian archives. There is even a Commission to study the whole of the great period in which Cavour played his great part, and it goes its laborious way after the fashion of commissions, so that perhaps another generation may know what really happened in Italy between 1840 and 1870.

Meanwhile a whole new Cavour literature has appeared from the pens of individual scholars. The brilliant figures of that heroic age have had new light shed upon them from many different angles. Indeed one might go so far as to say that this light has done something even to illuminate the perhaps necessarily dark and tortuous ways which circumstances compelled them to tread. It is from these monographs as well as from his own studies that Mr. Whyte has drawn the present interesting volume about an extraordinarily interesting man. And he has ended his labors at a point where even the discoveries of a Commission may not invalidate them. It is probable that to many, even of those who knew a little something about Cavour, this biography will present a total stranger. The young man who led a gay life, who gambled on the Stock Exchange, who remained a bachelor as the result of his hopeless love, rash, fiery, even one might think at times quite undisciplined—where in this youth is to be found that shrewd, adroit, adept diplomat whose indiscretions seemed so carefully calculated and so extraordinarily apt, dividing honors with those of Bismarck in the building of a nation?

One recalls a photograph of that Bismarck in his student days—his pipe, his stein, his cap, his scars, his two great dogs, as he looks at this portrait of the young Cavour. There must have been hundreds of young Junkers in the 1830's who looked like Bismarck, more or less. There must have been hundreds of young Italian noblemen externally like Count Cavour. What magic lifted these two above their fellows? For neither seemed then to foreshadow world-shaking events and the building of a new Europe. Each belonged to an age now as dead as Caesar's; and this volume has the interest which must attach not merely to any account of the youth of the great, but that which attaches to a past era.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Bowling Green

THE trees on the south side of the street hid her from me as I came down the hill; but I did not cross over, not wishing to see her prematurely. I had a feeling that she would be something rather special, and I wanted to honor her in my own way. A delightful lady remarked to Henry Thoreau, apologizing for not having answered his letters, "I didn't suppose you'd even care to tip your hat to me any more." "Madam," he replied, "I never tip my hat while crossing a stream." He was right. The perfect obeisance must be made at the perfect moment.

Here I pause, and walk uneasily about the room. A letter from a librarian reproaches me for writing about trifles. How do I know exactly what is a trifle and what isn't? There are queer sudden occasions when things distantly heard of become real, and all that I want to tell you just now is how the peak of Teneriffe rose over the horizon of my mind. I had often read of that blue splinter; who hasn't? But it was on a sunny day on a North River pier that I first got a bearing on it. If that seems too trifling, there is no law compelling you to continue.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She lay at the pier, a little white 500-ton barque, built of wood in an antique fashion; she is fifty years old. The unskilful eye would probably, at first gaze, think her a bit tubby in shape until the lofty rise of her bowsprit had been studied and the clean sweep of her honest old quarters fining under from her stern. Her transom was looped by a thick carved hawser, the ends meeting in a sailorly square-knot over the rudder post, and crowned above by the bright painted shield of the town of Majorca, where she was built. Her catheads, as the pukka mariner who was with me pointed out, were really what the name suggests: the carved face of a cat grinned on each one. A queer big timber straddling the galley—perhaps to keep the flimsy little house from being unshipped by a sea—projected in a painted dragon's head gaping on each side. Aloft, in the narrowing interval of the backstays, small cords were patterned in the shape of five-pointed stars. On the bulwark the posts supporting the side-ladder ended in two bronze hands, bright with many grasps. She even seemed to go back to an age when ships needed not only every staunch contrivance but charms and emblems as well. They needed then those poetries that are only vestigial in modern steamships: the cunning of the cat, the magic of the dragon to outface the cruel sea. This rugged old vessel was of the Mediterranean and spoke the Latin imagination in every timber. Over her taffrail floated the red and yellow flag of Spain.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It was just in the noontime vacancy of full summer. Below the great reefs of Riverside Drive apartment-houses she lay there like a vigia, like a mirage, like something out of Coleridge. She lay empty as a drum, waiting for her cargo. Looking down the hatches one could see nothing but her big beams and ribs, and a sprinkle of onions in the tween-deck, waiting their turn, I suppose in some powerful olio. Under the focsle-head, among the anchor gear, lay Spanish sailors with bearded lips, asleep. On the deckhouse, aft, slept a black cat. The first mate, a young Don so handsome that if I were a moving picture producer I would at once offer him a job, walked briskly up and down talking to the second, a pock-marked veteran with a little blue béret. So she lay, like a drowsy fable from the Spanish Main, when her skipper took us aboard. He had been waiting for us, with the perfect courtesy of his race, at the shore end of the pier.

You enter the cabin through a little lobby where a table is built round the mizzen-mast. A small steep stair, with a picture of the Virgin over the door, takes you down into the pannelled cuddy, bright with tapestries. The captain's seat, in the middle of the curved stern-settee, is fitted with two stout arm-pieces; no matter how she rolls the skipper can sit solid. From his stateroom to starboard he can look forward through a porthole and see how his ship is behaving. On the sideboard, instead of the traditional bowl of fruit for harbor-display, a long row of books—including Conrad and Ibanez. A big cheese on a shelf in one corner, and on the table, the box of cigars that every skipper has to have handy for officials and agents. Through the open skylight came the perpendicular sun; I could not help imagining how that slice of brilliance must swing to and fro when she is at sea. And, as her skipper speaks excellent English, he and my companion talked of the Canary Islands, where the ship comes from. I listened, as was a landsman's duty; but you know how it was that I saw Teneriffe rising from the sea.

It is difficult—indeed, it is impossible—to convey to you the rich color of that little panelled cabin in the poop of an old ship. There are times when the problem is not to describe what things look like but what they mean. As we talked with the Captain, who is young and handsome and an artist in temperament (he is writing a book, by the way) it gradually became apparent that this was an occasion which, among gentlemen, could only be honored in one way. When our host, as was his right, produced his own private bottle of Malaga Dulce—such wine as might have inspired Emerson's noble *Bacchus*—and poured the tumblers, I thought painfully of those who imagine that the fair sacrament of drink exists only in the violent ingurgitation of whiskey. My companion and I rose to our feet, thinking perhaps of Mr. Webster's cartoons of "The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship." I do not know exactly what is the seemly phrase to utter when pledging a gentleman of Spain. I remember, with some embarrassment, that I ejaculated (with the best intentions) "Corpo di Baccho," which is perhaps Italian rather than Spanish. But what was really in my mind, and what I should have toasted, was a blue mountain on the skyline.

The Captain told us that during the War, when his English was not as valid as it is now, he and an American naval officer, meeting somewhere in the Levant, eked out their conversation with tags of Latin. One day the American tried desperately to make plain some question that was troubling him. Finally he ejaculated *Quo Vadis?* which the Captain understood perfectly. But if anyone asks me that question, I hope some day I shall have a chance to reply—"The Peak of Teneriffe."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. After a visit with the Countess of Montevesso, in which he gains a glimpse of the conditions of her life and the political background of her circle, and is startled by the queer half savage niece of her husband, who is sheltered under his roof, Cosmo meets the Countess's father. Later at a reception at the home of the Countess he is introduced to some of the members of her circle, and at the end of the evening makes the acquaintance of her husband. After his interview with Count Helion he has a long talk with the Countess during which she recounts to him the experiences of her married life.

"I WONDER whether the Count is still with my father," she said. "Ring that bell on the table at your hand, Cosmo."

Cosmo did so and they waited, looking at each other. Presently the door swung open, and at the same time the cartel above it began to strike the hour. Cosmo counted eleven and then Madame de Montevesso spoke to Bernard, who waited in silence.

"Is M. le Comte still with my father?"

"I haven't seen him come out yet, Madame la Comtesse."

"Tell your wife not to wait for me, Bernard."

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse." Bernard backed out respectfully through the door.

"How fat he is, and what sleek hair," marvelled Cosmo. "And what a solemn manner. No wonder I did not recognize him at once. He showed me into your father's room, you know. He looks a Special Envoy's confidential man all over. And to think that he is your household spy! I wonder at your patience."

"Perhaps if I had anything to conceal I would have had less patience with the spy," she said, equably. "I believe that when we lived in Paris he wrote every week to M. de Montevesso, because, you know, he can write quite well. I wonder what he found to write about. Lists of names, I suppose. Or perhaps his own views of the people who called with bits of overheard conversations."

"It's incredible," murmured Cosmo. "It's fantastic. What contempt he must have for your husband."

"The most remarkable thing," said Madame de Montevesso, "is that I am convinced that he doesn't write any lies."

"Yes," said Cosmo, "I assume that. And do you mean that the Count is paying him every week for that sort of thing. It's an ugly farce."

"Don't you think," said the Countess, "that something serious may come of it some day?" Cosmo made a hopeless gesture.

"The man you married is mad," he said with intense conviction.

"There have been times when I felt as if I were mad myself," murmured Madame de Montevesso. "Take up your hat," she added quickly.

She had heard footsteps outside the door. A moment after, Count Helion came in and fixed his black glance on his wife and Cosmo. He did not open his lips and remained ominously by the door for a time. The strain of the silence was made sinister by the stiff bearing of the man, the immobility of the carven brown face, crossed by the inky-black moustache in harsh contrast with the powdered head. He might have been a sergeant come at the stroke of the hour to tell those two people that the firing squad was waiting for them outside the door. Madame de Montevesso broke the dumb spell.

"I did my best to entertain Mr. Latham, but we had given you up. He was just going."

She glanced serenely at Cosmo, whom the sweetness of her tone, her easy self-possession before that barrack-room figure, stung to the heart. At that moment no words could have expressed the intensity of his hatred for the Count of Montevesso, at whom he was looking with a smile of the utmost banality. The latter moved forward stiffly.

"Your father hopes you will see him for a moment presently," he said to his wife. "He has not gone to bed yet."

"Then I will go to him at once."

Madame de Montevesso extended her hand to Cosmo, who raised the tips of her fingers to his lips ceremoniously.

"I will see Mr. Latham out," said the Count, bowing to his wife, who went out of the room without looking at him. Cosmo, following her with his eyes, forgot Count Helion's existence. He forgot it so thoroughly that it was with a perceptible start that he perceived the Count's eyes fixed on him in an odd way. "He will never look at ease anywhere," thought Cosmo scornfully. A great part of his hatred had evaporated. "I suppose he means to be pilot. I wonder how he looked on the back of an elephant."

"It was very good of you to wait so long for my return," said Count Helion. "I have been detained by an absurd discussion arising out of probably false reports."

"The time passed quickly," said truthful Cosmo; but, before the black weary glance of the other, hastened to add with assumed care, "We talked of old times."

"Old times," repeated Count Helion without any particular accent. "My wife is very young yet, though she must be older than you are. Isn't she older?"

Cosmo said curtly that he really did not know. When they were running about as children together she was the tallest of the three.

"And now," took up the inexpressive voice of Count de Montevesso, "without her high heels she would be a little shorter than you. As you stood together you looked to me exactly the same height. And so you renewed the memories of your youth. They must have been delightful."

"They were no doubt more delightful for me than they could have been for Mme. la Comtesse," said Cosmo, making a motion towards taking leave.

"A moment. Let me have the honor to see you out." Count Helion walked round the room blowing out the candles in three candelabras in succession and taking up the fourth in his hand.

"Why take this trouble?" protested Cosmo. "I know my way."

"Every light has been extinguished in the reception rooms; or at least ought to have been. I detest waste of all kinds. It is perhaps because I have made my own fortune, and by God's favor it is so considerable in its power for good that it requires the most careful management. It is perhaps a peculiar point of view, but I have explained it to Mme. de Montevesso."

"SHE must have been interested," muttered Cosmo between his teeth, following across the room and round the screen the possessor of these immensely important riches, who, candelabra in hand, preceded him by a pace or two and threw open the door behind the screen. Cosmo crosed in the wake of Count Helion the room of the evening reception, saw dimly the disarranged furniture about the mantelpiece, the armchair in which Lady William had sat, the great sofa in which little Countess Bubna had been shyly ensconced, the card table with the chairs pushed back and all the cards in a heap in the middle. The swaying flames of the candles, leaping from one long strip of mirror to another, preceded him into the next salon where all the furniture stood ranged expectantly against the walls. The next two salons were exactly alike except for the color of the hangings and the size of the pictures on the walls. As to their subjects, Cosmo could not make them out.

Not a single lackey was to be seen in the anteroom of white walls and red benches; but Cosmo was surprised at the presence of a peasant-like woman, who must have been sitting there in the dark for some time. The light of the candelabra fell on the gnarled hands lying in her lap. The edge of a dark shawl shaded her features with the exception of her ancient chin. She never stirred. Count Helion, disregarding her as though she had been invisible, put down the candelabra on a little table and wished Cosmo good-night with a formal bow. At the same time he expressed harshly the hope of seeing Cosmo often during his stay in Genoa. Then with an unexpected attempt to soften his tone he muttered something about his wife—"the friend of your childhood."

The allusions exasperated Cosmo. The more he saw of the grown woman, the less connection she seemed to have with the early Adèle. The contrast was too strong. He felt tempted to tell M. de Montevesso that he by no means cherished that old memory. The nearest he came to it was the statement that he had the privilege to hear much of Madame de Montevesso in Paris. M. de Montevesso, contemplating now the dark peasant-like figure huddled up on the crimson seat against a white wall, hastened to turn towards Cosmo the black weariness of his eyes.

"Mme. de Montevesso has led a very retired life during the Empire. Her conduct was marked by the greatest circumspection. But she is a person of rank. God knows what gossip you may have heard. The world is censorious."

Brusquely Cosmo stepped out into the outer gallery. Listening to M. de Montevesso was no pleasure. The Count accompanied him as far as the head of the great staircase and stayed to watch his descent with a face that expressed no more than the face of a soldier on parade, till, all at once, his eyes started to roll about wildly as if looking for some object he could snatch up and throw down the stairs at Cosmo's head. But this lasted only for a moment. He reëntered the anteroom quietly and busied himself in closing and locking the door with care. After doing this he approached the figure on the bench and stood over it silently.

VII

THE old woman pushed back her shawl and raised her wrinkled soft face without much expression to say:

"The child has been calling for you for the last hour or more."

Helion de Montevesso walked all the length of the anteroom and back again; then stood over the old woman as before.

"You know what she is," she began directly the Count had stopped. "She won't give us any rest. When she was little one could always give her a beating but now there is no doing anything with her. You had better come and see for yourself."

"Very unruly?" asked the Count de Montevesso.

"She is sixteen," said the old woman crisply, getting up and moving towards the stairs leading to the upper floor. A stick that had been lying concealed in the folds of her dress was now in her hand. She ascended the stairs more nimbly than her appearance would have led one to expect, and the Count of Montevesso followed her down a long corridor, where at last the shuffle of her slippers and the tapping of her stick ceased in front of a closed door. A profound silence reigned in this remote part of the old palace which the enormous vanity of the upstart had hired for the entertainment of his wife and his father-in-law in the face of the restored monarchies of Europe. The old peasant woman turned to the stiff figure which, holding the candelabra and in its laced coat, recalled a gorgeous lackey.

"We have put her to bed," she said, "but as to holding her down in it, that was another matter. Maria is strong but she got weary of it at last. We had to send for Father Paul. Shameless as she is she would not attempt to get out of her bed in her nightdress before a priest. The Father promised to stay till we could fetch you to her, so I came down, but I dared not go further than the anteroom. A valet told me you had still a guest with you, so I sent him away and sat down to wait. The wretch to revenge himself on me put out the lights before he went."

"He shall be flung out to-morrow," said M. de Montevesso in a low tone.

"I hope I have done nothing wrong, Helion."

"No," said M. de Montevesso in the same subdued tone. He lent his ear to catch some slight sound on the other side of the door. But the still-

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ness behind it was like the stillness of a sick room to which people listen with apprehension. The old woman laid her hand lightly on the sleeve of the gorgeous coat. "You are a great man . . ."

"I am," said Count Helion without exultation.

THE old woman, dragged out at the age of seventy from the depths of her native valley by the irresistible will of the great man, tried to find utterance for a few simple thoughts. Old age with its blunted feelings had alone preserved her from utter bewilderment at the sudden change; but she was overpowered by its greatness. She lived inside that palace as if enchanted into a state of resignation. Ever since she had arrived in Genoa, which was just five weeks ago, she had kept to the upper floor. Only the extreme necessity of the case had induced her to come so far downstairs as the white anteroom. She was conscious of not having neglected her duty.

"I did beat her faithfully," she declared with the calmness of old age and conscious rectitude. The lips of M. de Montevesso twitched slightly. "I did really, though often feeling too weary to raise my arm. Then I would throw a shawl over my head and go in the rain to speak to Father Paul. He had taught her to read and write. He is full of charity. He would shrug his shoulders and tell me to put my trust in God. It was all very well for him to talk like that. True that on your account I was the greatest person for miles around. I had the first place everywhere. But now that you made us come out here just because of your fancy to turn the child into a Contessa, all my poor senses leave my old body. For, you know, if I did beat her, being entrusted with your authority, everybody else in the village waited on a turn of her finger. She was full of pride and wilfulness then. Now since you have introduced her amongst all these *grandissimi signori* of whom she had only heard as one hears of angels in heaven, she seems to have lost her head with the excess of pride and obstinacy. What is one to do? The other day on account of something I said she fastened her ten fingers into my gray hair. . . ." She threw her shawl off and raised her creased eyelids. . . . "This gray hair, on the oldest head of your family, Helion. If it hadn't been for Maria she would have left me a corpse on the floor." The mild bearing of the old woman had a dignity of its own, but at this point it broke down and she became agitated.

"Many a time I sat up in my bed thinking half the night. I am an old woman. I can read the signs. This is a matter for priests. When I was a big girl in our village they had to exorcise a comely youth, a herdsman. I am not fit to talk of such matters. But you, Helion, could say a word or two to Father Paul. He would know what to do . . . or get the Bishop . . ."

"Amazing superstition," Count Helion exclaimed in a rasping growl. "The days of priests and devils are gone," he went on angrily, but paused as if struck with a sudden doubt or a new idea. The old woman shook her head slightly. In the depths of her native valley all the days were alike in their hopes and fears as far back as she could remember. She did not know how she had offended her brother and emitted a sigh of resignation.

"What's the trouble now?" Count Helion asked brusquely.

The old woman shrugged her shoulders expressively. Count Helion insisted. "There must be some cause."

"The cause, as I am a sinner, can be no other but that young signore that came out with you and to whom you bowed so low. I didn't know you had to bow to anybody unless perhaps to the King who has come back lately. But then a king is anointed with holy oils! I couldn't believe my eyes. What kind of prince was that?" She waited, screwing her eyes up at Count Helion, who looked down at her inscrutably and at last condescended to say:

"That was an Englishman."

She moaned with astonishment and alarm. A heretic! She thought no heretic could be good-looking. Didn't they have their wickedness written on their faces?

"No," said Count Helion. "No man has that, and no woman, either."

Again he paused to think. "Let us go in now," he added.

The big room (all the rooms in that Palazzo were big unless they happened to be mere dark and airless cupboards), which they entered as quietly as if a sick person had been lying in there at the point of death, contained amongst its gilt furniture also a few wooden stools and a dark walnut table brought down from the farmhouse for the convenience of its rustic occupants. A priest sitting in a gorgeous armchair held to the light of a common brass oil lamp an open book, the shadow of which darkened a whole corner of the vast space between the high walls decorated with rare marbles, long mirrors, and heavy hangings. A few small pieces of washing were hung out to dry on a string stretched from a window latch to the back of a chair. A common brazier stood in the fireplace and, near it, a gaunt, bony woman dressed in black with a white handkerchief on her head was stirring something in a little earthen pot. Ranged at the foot of a dais bearing a magnificent but dismantled couch of state were two small wooden bedsteads, on one of which lay the girl whom Cosmo knew only as "Clelia, my husband's niece," with a hand under her cheek. The other cheek was much flushed; a tangle of loose black hair covered the pillow. Whether from respect for the priest or from mere exhaustion she was keeping perfectly still under her bedclothes pulled up to her very neck so that only her head remained uncovered.

At the entrance of the Count the priest closed his book and stood up, but the woman by the mantelpiece went on stirring her pot. Count Helion returned a "*Bonsoir, Abbé*" to the priest's silent bow, put down the candelabra on a console, and walked straight to the bedstead. The other three people, the gaunt woman still with her pot in her hand, approached it too but kept their distance.

The girl Clelia remained perfectly still under the downward thoughtful gaze of Count Helion. In that face half buried in the pillow one eye glittered full of tears. She refused to make the slightest sound in reply to Count Helion's questions, orders, and remonstrances. Even his coaxings, addressed to her in the same low, harsh tone, were received in obstinate silence. Whenever he paused he could hear at his back the old woman whispering to the priest. At last even that stopped. Count Helion resisted the temptation to grab all that hair on the pillow and pull the child out of bed by it. He waited a little longer and then said in his harsh tone:

"I thought you loved me."

FOR the first time there was a movement under the blanket. But that was all. Count Helion turned his back on the bed and met three pairs of eyes fixed on him with different expressions. He avoided meeting any of them. "Perhaps if you were to leave us alone," he said.

They obeyed in silence, but at the last moment he called the priest back and took him aside to a distant part of the room where the brass oil lamp stood on the walnut-wood table. The full physiognomy of Father Paul Carpi with its thin eyebrows and pouting mouth was overspread by a self-conscious professional placidity that seemed ready to see or hear anything without surprise. Count de Montevesso was always impressed by it. "Abbé," he said brusquely, "you know that my sister thinks that the child is possessed. I suppose she means by a devil."

He looked with impatience at the priest, who remained silent, and burst out in a subdued voice:

"I believe you people are hoping now to bring him back into the world again, that old friend of yours." He waited for a moment. "Sit down, Abbé."

Father Carpi sank into the armchair with some dignity while Count Helion snatched a three-legged stool and planted himself on it on the other side of the table. "Now, wouldn't you?"

Something not bitter, not mocking, but as if disillusioned seemed to touch the lips of Father Carpi at the very moment he opened them to say quietly:

"Only as a witness to the reign of God."

"Which of course would be your reign. Never mind, a man like me can be master under any reign." He jerked his head slightly towards the bed. "Now what sort of devil would it be in that child?"

The deprecatory gesture of Father Carpi did not detract from his dignity. "I should call it dumb myself," continued Count Helion. "We will leave it alone for a time. What hurts me often is the difficulty of getting at your thoughts, Abbé. Haven't I been a good enough friend to you?" To this, too, Father Carpi answered by a deferential gesture and deprecatory murmur. Count Helion had restored the church, rebuilt the presbytery, and had behaved generally with great munificence. Father Carpi, sprung from shopkeeping stock in the town of Novi, had lived through times difficult for the clergy. He had been contented to exist. Now, at the age of forty or more, the downfall of the Empire, which seemed to carry with it the ruin of the impious forces of the Revolution, had awakened in him the first stirrings of ambition. Its immediate object was the chaplaincy to the Count of Montevesso's various charitable foundations.

There was a man, one of the great of this world, whom, without understanding him in any deeper sense or ever trying to judge his nature, he could see plainly enough to be unhappy. And that was a great point. For the unhappy are more amenable to obscure influences, religious and others. But Father Carpi was too intelligent to intrude upon the griefs of that man with the mysterious past either religious consolation or secular advice. For a long time now he had watched and waited, keeping his thoughts so secret that they seemed even hidden from himself. To the outbreaks of that rough, arrogant, contemptuous, and oppressive temper he could oppose only the gravity of his sacerdotal character as Adèle did her lofty serenity, that detachment, both scornful and inaccessible, which seemed to place her on another plane.

FATHER CARPI had never been before confronted so directly by the difficulties of his position as at that very moment and on the occasion of that intolerable and hopeless girl. To gain time he smiled, a slight, non-committal smile.

"We priests, M. le Comte, are recommended not to enter into discussion of theological matters with people who, whatever their accomplishments and wisdom, are not properly instructed in them. As to anything else I am always at Monseigneur's service."

He gave this qualification to Count Helion because it was not beyond the bounds of respect due from a poor parish priest to a titled great man of his province.

"Have you been much about amongst the town people?" asked Count Helion.

"I go out every morning about seven to say mass in that church you may have noticed near by. I have visited also once or twice an old friend from my seminary days, a priest of a poor parish here. We rejoice together at the return of the Holy Father to Rome. For the rest I had an idea, Monseigneur, that you did not wish me to make myself prominent in any way in this town."

"Perhaps I didn't. It may be convenient, though, to know what are the rumours current amongst the populace. That class has its own thoughts. I suppose your friend would know something of that."

"No doubt. But I can tell you, Monseigneur, what the people think. They think that if they can't be Genoese as before, they would rather be French than Piedmontese. That, Monseigneur, is a general feeling even amongst the better class of citizens."

"Much would they gain by it," mumbled Count de Montevesso. "Unless the Other were to come back. Abbé," he added sharply, "is there any talk of him coming back?"

"That indeed would be a misfortune." Father Carpi's tone betrayed a certain emotion which Count Helion noticed, faint as it was.

"Whatever happens you will have always a friend in me," he said, and Father Carpi acknowledged the assurance by a slight inclination of his body.

"Surely God would not allow it," he murmured uneasily. But the stare of his interlocutor augmented his alarm. He was still more startled when he heard Count de Montevesso make the remark that the only thing which seemed to put a limit to the power of God was the folly of men. He had too poor an opinion of Count de Montevesso to be shocked by the blasphemy. To him it was only the proof that the Count had been very much upset by something, some fact or some news.

"And people are very foolish just now both in Paris and in Vienna," added Count de Montevesso after a long pause.

It was news then. Father Carpi betrayed nothing;

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of his anxious curiosity. The inward unrest which pervaded the whole basin of the Western Mediterranean was strongest in Italy perhaps and was very strong in the heart of Father Carpi, who was both an Italian and a priest. Perhaps he would be told something! He almost held his breath, but Count de Montevesso took his head between his hands and said only:

"One is pestered by folly of all sorts. You, see whether you can bring that child to reason."

However low in the scale of humanity Father Carpi placed the Count de Montevesso, he never questioned his social position. Father Carpi was made furious by the request, but he obeyed. He approached the rustic bedstead and looked at the occupant with sombre disgust. Nothing was obscure to him in the situation. If he couldn't tell exactly what devil possessed that creature he remembered perfectly her mother, a rash sort of girl who was found drowned years ago in a remarkably shallow pond amongst some rocks not quite a mile away from the presbytery. It might have been an accident. He had consented to bury her in consecrated ground not from any compassion, but because of the revolutionary spirit which had penetrated even the thick skulls of his parishioners and probably would have caused a riot and shaken the precarious power of the Church in his obscure valley. He stood erect by the head of the couch, looking down at the girl's uncovered eye whose sombre iris swam on the glistening white. He could have laughed with contempt and fury. He regulated his deep voice so that it reached Count de Montevesso at the other side of the room only as a solemn admonishing murmur.

"You miserable little wretch," he said, "can't you behave yourself? You have been a torment to me for years."

The sense of his own powerlessness overcame him so completely that he felt tempted for a moment to throw everything up, walk out of the room, seek refuge amongst sinners that would believe either in God or in the devil.

"You are a scourge to us all," he continued in the same equable murmur. "If you don't speak out, you little beast, and put an end to this scene soon I will exorcise you."

The only effect of that threat was the sudden immobility of the rolling eye. Father Carpi turned towards the Count.

"It is probably some sort of malady," he said coldly. "Perhaps a doctor could prescribe some remedy."

Count Helion came out of his listless attitude. A moment ago a doctor was in the house in conference with M. le Marquis. Perhaps he was still there. Count Helion got up impetuously and asked the Abbé to go along to the other side and find out.

"Take a light with you. All the lights are out down there. Knock at the Marquis's door and inquire from Bernard, and if the doctor is still there bring him along."

FATHER CARPI went out hastily and Count de Montevesso, keeping the women outside, paced the whole length of the room. The fellow called himself a doctor whatever else he might have been. Whether he did any good to the child or not—Count de Montevesso stopped and looked fixedly at the bed—this was an extremely favourable opportunity to get in touch with him personally. Who could tell what use could be made of him in his other capacities, apart from the fact that he probably could really prescribe some remedy? Count de Montevesso's heart was softened paternally. His progress from European barrack-rooms to an Eastern palace left on his mind a sort of bewilderment. He even thought the girl attractive. There she was, a prey of some sort of illness. He bent over her face and instantly a pair of thin bare arms darted from under the blankets and clasped him around the neck with a force that really surprised him. "That one loves me," he thought. He did not know that she would have hung round anybody's neck in the passion of obtaining what she wanted. He thought with a sort of dull insight that everybody was a little bit against her. He abandoned his neck to the passionate clasp for a little time, then disengaged himself gently.

"What makes you behave like this?" he asked. "Do you feel a pain anywhere?"

No emotion could change the harshness of his voice, but it was very low and there was an accent in it which the girl could not mistake. She sat up suddenly with her long wild hair covering her shoulders. With her round eyes, the predatory character of her face, the ruffled fury of her aspect, she looked like an angry bird; and there was something bird-like in the screech of her voice.

"Pain? No. But if I didn't hate them so I would like to die. I would . . ."

Count de Montevesso put one hand at the back of her head and clapped the other broad palm over her mouth. This action surprised her so much that she didn't even struggle. When the Count took his hands away she remained silent without looking at him.

"Don't scream like this," he murmured harshly but with obvious indulgence. "Your aunts are outside and they will tell the priest all about it."

Clelia drew up her knees, clasped her hands round them outside the blanket, and stared.

"It is just your temper!" suggested Count Helion reproachfully.

"All those dressed-up witches despise me. I am not frightened. And the worst of them is that yellow-haired witch, your wife. If I had gone in there in my bare feet they could not have stared more down on me. . . . I shall fly at their faces. I can read their thoughts as they put their glasses to their eyes. 'What animal is this?' they seem to ask themselves. I am a brute beast to them."

A shadow seemed to fall on Count de Montevesso's face for the moment. Clelia unclasped her fingers, shook her fists at the empty space, then clasped her legs again. These movements, full of sombre energy, were observed silently by the Count of Montevesso. He uttered the word *"Patienza,"* which in its humility is the word of the ambitious, of the unforgiving who keep a strict account with the world; a word of indomitable hope. "You wait till you are a little older. You will have plenty of people at your feet; and then you will be able to spurn anybody you like."

"You mean when I am married," said Clelia in a faraway voice and staring straight over her knees.

"Yes," said the Count de Montevesso, "but you will first have to learn to be gentle."

THIS recommendation apparently missed the ear for which it was destined. For a whole minute Clelia seemed to contemplate some sort of vision with her predatory and pathetic stare. One side of her nightgown had slipped off her shoulder. Suddenly she pushed her scattered hair back, and extending her arm towards Count Helion patted him caressingly on the cheek.

When she had done patting him he asked, unmoved: "Now, what is it you want?"

She was careful not to turn her face his way while she whispered: "I want that young signor that came today to make eyes at my aunt."

"Impossible."

"Why impossible? I was with them in the morning. They did nothing but look at each other. But I went for him myself."

"That Englishman! You can't have an Englishman like this. I am thinking of something better for you, a marquis or a count."

This was the exact truth, not a sudden idea to meet a hopeless case.

"You have hardly had time to have a good look at him," added Count Helion.

"I looked at him this evening with all my eyes, with all my soul. I would have sat up all night to look at him. But he got up and turned his back on me. He has no eyes for anybody but my aunt."

"Did you speak together, you two?"

"Yes," she said, "he sat down by me and all those witches stared as if he had been making up to a monster. Am I a monster? He too looked at me as if I had been one."

"Was he rude to you?" asked the Count de Montevesso.

"He was as insolent as all the people I have seen since we came to this town. His heart was black as of all the rest of them. He was gentle to me as one is gentle to an old beggar for the sake of charity. Oh, how I hated him."

"Well, then," said Count de Montevesso in a harsh unsympathetic tone, "you may safely despise him."

Clelia threw herself half out of bed on the neck of Count Helion, who preserved an unsympathetic rigidity though he did not actually repulse her wild and vehement caress.

"Oh, dearest uncle of mine," she whispered ardently into his ear, "he is handsome! I must have him for myself."

There was a knocking at the door. Count Helion tore the bare arms from his neck and pushed the girl back into bed.

"Cover yourself up," he commanded hurriedly. He arranged the blanket at her back. "Lie still and say nothing of all this, and then you need have no fear. But if you breathe a word of this to anybody, then . . . Come in," he shouted to the renewed knocking and had just time to shake his finger at Clelia menacingly before the Abbé and the doctor entered the room.

III

I

COSMO walked away with no more than one look back, just before turning the corner, at the tensely alert griffins guarding the portals of the Palazzo. At the entrance of his inn a small knot of men on the pavement paused in their low conversation to look at him. After he had passed he heard a voice say, "This is the English milord." He found the dimly lit hall empty and he went up the empty staircase into the upper regions of silence. His face, which to the men on the pavement had appeared passionless and pale as marble, looked at him suddenly out of the mirror over the fireplace, and he was startled as though he had seen a ghost.

Spire had been told not to wait for his return. His empty room had welcomed him with a bright flame on the hearth and with lighted candles. He turned away from his own image and stood with his back to the fire looking downwards and vaguely oppressed by the profound as if expectant silence around him. The strength and novelty of the impressions received during that day, the intimacy of their appeal, had affected his fortitude. He felt mortally weary and began to undress; but after he got into bed he remained for a time in a sitting posture. For the first time in his life he tasted of loneliness. His father was at least thirty-five years his senior. An age! His sister was just a young girl. Clever, of course. He was very fond of her, but the mere fact of her being a girl raised a wall between them. He had never made any real friends. He had nothing to do; and he did not seem to know what to think of anything in the world. Now, for instance there was that vanquished fat figure in a little cocked hat. . . . still an emperor.

Cosmo came with a start out of a deep sleep that seemed to have lasted only a moment. But he knew at once where he was, though at first he had to argue himself out of the conviction of having parted from Count Helion at the top of a staircase less than five minutes ago. Meantime he watched Spire flooding the room with brilliant sunshine, for the three windows of the room faced east.

"Very fine morning, sir," said Spire over his shoulder. "Quite a spring day."

A delicious freshness flowed over Cosmo. It did not bring joy to him, but dismay. Daylight already! It had come too soon. He had had no time yet to decide what to do. He had gone to sleep. A most extraordinary thing! His distress was appeased by the simple thought that there was no need for him to do anything. After drinking his chocolate, which Spire received on a tray from some woman on the other side of the door, he informed him that he intended to devote the whole day to his correspondence. A table having been arranged to that end close to an open window, he started writing at once. On retiring without a sound Spire left the goose-quill flying over the paper. It was past noon before Cosmo, hearing him come in again on some pretence or other, raised his head for the first time and dropped the pen to say: "Give me my coat, I will go down to the dining room."

(*To be continued in next issue*)

"A secret was let out at the annual meeting of the London Library the other afternoon by Sir Edmund Gosse," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "It may even have been disturbing to the many authors in the audience to learn from this distinguished critic what it is that the great Library does with books that have ceased to interest anybody. The Library, it seems, keeps what Sir Edmund Gosse called a Lethe chamber—from his account it would be described more accurately as a purgatory—in which obsolete books are kept for a time to see whether their sleep will be succeeded by a forgetting. Sometimes it is embarrassingly followed by an awakening."

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Books of Special Interest

Greek and Iberian

THE GREEKS IN SPAIN. By RHYS CARPENTER. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by GEORGIANA GODDARD KING
Byrn Mawr College

IN this, the second volume which Dr. Carpenter has published in the Bryn Mawr Notes and Monograph series, adventure takes the place of theory. The earlier one dealt with a problem of æsthetics, profound and far-reaching; this is occupied with archæology.

He has, as he believes, identified the site of the earliest Greek settlement in Spain, picked out from among the early Iberian bronzes, three which reveal the Ionian influence, vindicated the claim that a Grecian chisel carved the Lady of Elche, and advanced one even more daring, viz., that of the Aesculapius from Ampurias to be right Athenian work of the fifth century; lastly, recognized a broken vase in Barcelona to be painted by the artist Makron. The learning is sound, the argument is well reasoned throughout.

It is a pleasure to see a trained scholar go through his ritual: the selection and definition of forms, the citation of parallels, the scrutiny of counter-assertions, the final proof; with everywhere a serene and happy manner. Wherein Dr. Carpenter differs from the average scholar is in going and looking at the places under consideration. Thereby he was able to recognize the rock which the earliest Phocæan sailors had named Hemeroskopeion, the Watcher of the Dawn; to photograph the huge promontory in many lights and from every angle. It is just this present and vivid relation to things that gives to the book its special touch of romance. If the note is struck in the title, and throughout the whole discussion of "The Voyage to Tartessos" is sustained, and resumed in the chapter upon "The Massiliot Sailing-Book," it is no more than might have been expected of one who had not many years ago written "A Plainsman to the Hills," or described "The Land Beyond Mexico." The freshness is no less delightful because it is expected, and profits by the style, neither colloquial nor quaint, but deliberately detached and easy-going, as in a discussion after dinner, among people who know each other's knowledge and are more afraid of being pedantic than of seeming off-hand. This is heightened by the device of relegating the closer technical discussion to the Appendices and the expanded Notes, which are classified and treated as "Commentary." All this which looks perhaps just happy and fortuitous, is of course the outcome of the nicest skill and an admirable understanding of style. Mannered the work is, but in a very good manner.

The discussion of the early sites and of Avienus (who is translated into English verse a trifle better than his own late Latin) need not detain the critic; the former will have to be proved by excavation and in the latter there is little to dispute. Among the bronze figurines from S. Elena in Madrid Museum Dr. Carpenter has selected three which reveal, as he is able to show, direct Ionian influence of the sixth century. By costume and modelling alike, in two, he has recognized the Greek quality, and in the third the Greek strain is mixed with an alien one, and "as always, loses in beauty but gains in interest." He might have added that in this case where "the profile outline sways and runs wild," as Plate vi shows clearly, there the ascetic straight contour of the maidenly-stepping Ionian girl is replaced by the Iberian "saddle-back" figure that one can watch any day on the street, with all its troubling grace of movement, in Seville or Barcelona.

Coming to the too-famous statutes of Cerro de Los Santos, he is greatly daring, as in the location of the early cities; he is willing to ignore the scandal and take them as for the most part genuine, dismissing the charge of spuriousness as too ready a way of accounting for their extraordinary style. But, then, he does not have altogether to account for it. Iberian art, he holds, alike in sculpture and in vase-painting, was stirred to life by Greek influence and thereafter worked out its own style: the formula has a modern and scientific flavor.

That the bust in Paris known as the Lady of Elche is "Greek, pure Greek by style" he would prove by analysis both quantitative and qualitative. The scale of proportion is all but identical with that of the "Chatsworth" Apollo, and so is the precise stage of development in the statuary's art, passing, at about B. C. 460-450 from the archaic to the moment of perfection; and on the other hand, the bust is more beautiful than anything which is not Greek. The remainder of the argument is careful, fairly forcible, but it is that personal evaluation which will carry the reader over or leave him unconvinced. The analysis of the Asklepios occupies just as many pages and is worked out with equal care; if the reader concedes everything with a touch of indifference, we must admit that the writer himself is equally indifferent over-leaf when he comes to the fourth-century marble head of a girl, also in Barcelona now. In truth, like the rest of us, Dr. Carpenter cares little or nothing for the ripest maturity of classical or any other art, while the archaic and the primitive or the little-known, like the delicate beauty of the vase-fragment, or indeed the vase-painter himself, identified as Hieron's workman Makron, draw him on and out. So the mere presence of the Lady of Elche, and the situation of the rock that is still a Watcher of the Dawn, have turned the essay from a scholar's task accomplished to the projection of imagees like those of a poet's imaginings.

A Notable Album

DORA WORDSWORTH: HER BOOK. By F. V. MORLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE Victorian Age was notoriously fond of albums. Today we ask our friends to sign their names in a guestbook, but the older generation was not content with a mere signature. They wanted a sentiment, something that would suggest the personality of the visitor besides recording his name and the date of his arrival and departure. The word keepsake has nearly dropped out of our vocabulary, but in the days when love-letters were hidden in the lilac-bushes, keepsakes and albums were in universal demand. Mr. F. V. Morley has resuscitated the album of Dora Wordsworth which contains entries, mostly in verse, by the hand of every distinguished man of letters who came to pay homage to her father. It is remarkable how much of themselves the authors managed to infuse into these snatches of poetry. Coleridge contributes a philosophical inscription on a time-piece, Elia some whimsical verses in which he signs himself "a jealous, meek, contributory Lamb." Landor is coldly classical and Leigh Hunt delicately sentimental. The verses as a whole do not show the authors at their best, but they are remarkably adequate, and Dora Wordsworth may well have prided herself on having gathered so many celebrated names betweens the covers of one book.

Mr. Morley has provided a running commentary which is particularly interesting for the light it throws upon the owner of the album. Dora Wordsworth possessed one invaluable quality which was entirely lacking in her father. She had a very pretty sense of humor. After years of waiting Wordsworth finally consented to her marriage with Mr. Edward Quillinan, and her account of the honeymoon in Portugal, with its innumerable touches of liveliness and wit, is worth more than many of the verses in the album. Wordsworth himself does not emerge to any great advantage. Off his own ground he was, as Emerson pointed out, a man of surprising limitations. The dalesmen of his own country, whom he might have been expected to understand, never made friends with him. Except in his poetry he seemed to be unconscious of their existence. They were much more at home with the brilliant, erratic, Hartley Coleridge. Wordsworth might write about the Lake Country but it was Hartley Coleridge who won the hearts of the Westmorland farmers. According to one of his rustic admirers, "he was in and out of every cottage, in and out of every pub, ever willing to share a pipe, a discussion, an opinion, or a game." In the "Prelude" Wordsworth gives us a much more attractive picture of himself but that was written in the earlier days when he exulted in sheer living, before he had adopted his "I and my brother the dean" manner. Perhaps the most likable figures in Dora Wordsworth's gallery are Charles and Mary Lamb. No one who likes Charles Lamb can help writing well about him and Mr. Morley belongs to a family of natural born Lamb lovers.

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Canadian Literature

By William Arthur Deacon

BIOGRAPHY has fared best among the [illegible] books of Canadian [illegible] issued during the last six months. Of creative literature the nation is at present as reticent as a government blue book, excepting only one outbreak of light verse ("Lookee Room Ballads," golf satires by W. H. Webling) whose appearance reminds us that the half-year is devoid of a single volume of poetry of any consequence—an unusual state of affairs. There remain for notice a tract for the times, two collections of essays and two novels, each being the first published book of their respective authors.

"The Life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee," by Isabel Skelton, is a comprehensive, bulky, fascinating record of that versatile Irish political and literary genius who played an important part in the councils of three countries and, by his murder at the age of 43, became the first martyr to the cause of the federation of the Canadian provinces which had just been consummated. A second "Thomas D'Arcy McGee" was written by Alexander Brady and appeared as Volume II of the embryo "Canadian Statesmen" series, of which "Sir John Macdonald" by W. Stewart Wallace is Volume I. These are uniform in aim and design with the "Canadian Men of Action" of which, also, two have come to light—"Sir Isaac Brock," by Hugh S. Eayrs, and "David Thompson," by Charles Norris Cochrane. All are of the tabloid variety suitable for readers desiring only main outlines and the more significant and picturesque incidents.

If greater variety and even more concision are wanted, they may be had in "Canadian Portraits" wherein Adrian Macdonald presents fifteen very short studies of leading warriors, statesmen, writers, and men of affairs. The work is commendable for its accuracy of fact, and Mr. Macdonald has chosen his subjects wisely since a great part of the nation's history was made or affected by the men whose puissant names fill his pages. Sir William Osler appears as the man of science; Haliburton and the poets Lampman and Frechette are the men of letters; Macdonald and Laurier represent government; Howe is the journalist, Paul Peel the pioneer artist of the West, and Father Lacombe the missionary, while Lord Strathcona was fittingly chosen to represent nation-building in the fields of trade and commerce. These, and the rest, are figures of the highest significance, and, as reliable information for those knowing little or nothing about Canadian history, the book can be safely recommended.

The struggles of the pioneers appealed to Mrs. Skelton whose "The Backwoodswoman" is made up of colorful narratives of such notable women as the intrepid Madame Hebert, who made the first Canadian home in the early years of the seventeenth century; Marie de l'Incarnation, founder and Mother Superior of the first convent at Quebec, who is likened in character and career to Florence Nightingale; and Madeleine de Vercheres, whose successful conduct at the age of fourteen of the defence of a fort against an Indian attack has become a cherished legend. The stories are well written and full of interest.

In "The Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway," R. G. MacBeth has given a striking account of the political, financial, and mechanical difficulties in the way of building the first transcontinental railway, of how they were overcome and of the men who accomplished the miracle. The enterprise was colossal, and essential to the opening of the West and even to national unity, for the railway was one of the main features of the contract of Union. English engineers and financiers were unwilling to assume responsibility, and the tale of how a small group of inexperienced Canadians financed and built one of the largest and best railways in the world—most of it through the virgin wilderness—is nothing short of thrilling. Happily supplementing this book, J. H. E. Secretan's "Canada's Great Highway" supplies a racy version of the actual construction, and the life of the camps as the author saw them as a young civil engineer.

A book that should find many enthusiastic readers in the United States is William Henry Moore's "The Commandments of Men." The subject is the present multiple attempts to compel the state to force upon the individual restrictions of conduct for so-called moral reasons, as these attempts appear in the light of history and the teachings of Jesus. The argument is that Jesus believed in example and persuasion, while his modern professed followers are seeking "to advance the cause of Christ by the physical force of the state." The prohibitory laws respecting liquor are one instance among many. Campaigns about Sabbath observance, tobacco, movies, literature, nursery rhymes, the teaching of evolution and countless other matters are being waged with varying success. The personal conduct of the individual is being more and more a matter for legislation, policemen, and jails. Were this nothing more than another howl over loss of liberty on the part of some poor beggar just deprived of his beer, or his Sunday swim or game of golf, or whose favorite author had just been suppressed, we would not pay much attention to it because one more lament would never be heard in the general outcry—an outcry of *individuals* and therefore ineffectual to block the legislative designs of fanatical minorities, powerful because organized. Mr. Moore has thought as well as felt; and his method is a careful analysis of all these movements as problems in crowd psychology, showing how these reformers, as bodies, will do vain, cruel, stupid things that they would not countenance as individuals, and proving by apt historical parallels the contentions of Le Bon that the crowd is lacking in critical faculty, and primitive enough in its instincts to desire a victim. Throughout, the author is scholarly and restrained: he is always quietly the master of his facts, and while his reasoning is keen and illuminating, he has avoided catch-words and any appeal to sentiment. His treatise should go far to explain the causes of those contemporary tendencies which some find alarming. I recommend this book most highly as a thoughtful and important contribution to the discussion of a pressing topic.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan is correctly revealed by his latest volume, "With Staff and Scrip," as a cultured gentleman with a taste for travel and the unfailing capacity for finding something fresh and interesting in literary research. His six novels and charming essays are entitled: "With Dante in Exile," "Brittany and Its People," "The Birth and Evolution of the Gothic Cathedral," "In the Land of the Troubadour," "In the Footsteps of Wordsworth" and "In Chivalrous Spain." The late W. H. Blake, lawyer and fisherman, famous for his translation of "Maria Chapdelaine," published in his lifetime two volumes of essays, "Brown Waters" and "In a Fishing Country." The former has just been re-issued in enlarged form to include two new and delightful papers.

With much greater chances of bearing its author into immediate popularity, "The Magic Road" introduces G. Frederick Clarke of New Brunswick as one possessed of the undoubted knack of telling a story. His tale of the woods and streams of his native province gives a rarely true reflection of the Canadian scene and people. When the little boy runs away from home and falls in with two unusual tramps, his adventures begin, and they end when the author has cured the young man's heart troubles due to having both a wife and a sweetheart. Though romantic almost to the point of being sugary, the book has a good plot, has a reasonable amount of originality, and lifelike, likable people: therefore it is finding many friends.

In his "La Vie en France au Moyen Age, de la Fin du XIIe au Milieu du XIVe Siècle, d'après les Moralistes du Temps" (Paris: Hachette) Charles V. Langlois presents what is virtually a series of twelve lectures digesting some of the most interesting of the works of twelve moralists *from the twelfth to the fourteenth century*. His book is a realistic portrayal of mediæval life, with biographical and critical material elucidating its narrative.

* *

The noted German dramatist and poet, Fritz von Unruh, has embodied in a volume entitled "Flugel der Nike" (Frankfort: Frankfurter Societats-Druckerei) his experiences on a trip made last winter to London and Paris. The book, while a chronicle of travel, is also a narrative that very illuminatingly displays the personality of the writer. It is full of his reflections on politics, the art and life, and though written in a somewhat bombastic manner, is an interesting chronicle.

Here is the Roll of

Drums

By James Boyd

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3d Printing, April, 1925
4th Printing, May, 1925
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Foreign Literature

New Dostoievsky

DNEVNIK A. G. DOSTOIEVSKOI: 1867 (The Diary of A. G. Dostoievsky for 1867). Moscow: Novaya Moskva. 1923.

VOSPOMINANIYA A. G. DOSTOIEVSKOI, pod red. L. P. Grossman. (Reminiscences of A. G. Dostoievsky, ed. by L. P. Grossman). Gosudrstvennoye Izdatelstvo. 1925.

STAYTI I. MATERIALY . . . (Articles and Material), V. II, Edited by A. DOLINI. Moscow. 1925.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

AFTER the death of Dostoievsky's wife, Anna Grigorievna, in 1918 a wealth of invaluable material owned by her on the great writer became the property of the State. There had been reason to fear that some of it might have been lost in the midst of the turmoil and anarchy through which Russia was then passing. Indeed, it was only through a happy chance that the Reminiscences by Mrs. Dostoievsky which had strayed by mistake to Tiflis in the Caucasus escaped annihilation. Fortunately, however, all that material landed in various museums and archives of Moscow and Petrograd where it is now preserved. To Mrs. Dostoievsky's material was added that of the great writer's son, now the late Feodor Feodorovich. The dreaded Tcheka (Extraordinary Commission) of Sympheropol, Crimea, where he lived the last years of his life had requisitioned from him in 1919 all documents bearing on his father that were in his possession. Together with documents obtained from various other sources these two combined stocks of material form an invaluable collection containing such treasures as, for instance, twelve of Dostoievsky's large note-books with hitherto unknown chapters and sketches of his works, a large number of letters by the great writer, the already mentioned Reminiscences by his wife, the full text of her Diary, etc. The publication of the whole collection would take sixteen volumes from 400 to 500 pages each.

A part of that material has been carefully analyzed by authoritative Russian students and has appeared in various Russian publications. However small that part is—it hardly forms two or three volumes—it embodies important discoveries on Dostoievsky and especially on the history of his life. It allows one to add altogether new chapters to his biography and to re-write some of the old ones.

Thus, it is only now that we have learned of his tragical romance with Paulina Suslova, an unusual woman whom he calls in one of his just discovered letters to her his "eternal friend." Three years ago Dostoievsky's daughter referred in her Reminiscences to that romance. But the facts recorded by her were so laconic, unreliable, and, as we know now, inaccurate that her testimony was placed by all Dostoievists under suspicion.

From the just published fragments of Suslova's Diary (in Articles and Material) and from the Reminiscences of Mrs. Dostoievsky we learn that it was a deep love which at first filled the heart of the great writer with happiness and which later on became the source of sorrow and suffering. Dostoievsky's intimacy with Paulina, a girl of twenty, began probably in 1861 when he was a man of forty and when his first wife was still alive. Paulina was one of those women who combine an extraordinary beauty with a vague longing for something indefinite and romantic, who hold an irresistible attraction for men of Dostoievsky's type, and who often end in a long series of unhappy adventures.

Their love lasted for a couple of years. Then she met in Paris a young man who made her abandon and forget the great writer. Dostoievsky could not forget her for many years to come. Even after his second marriage the receipt of each letter from Paulina (correspondence between them continued for some time) filled him with reminiscences and feelings that upset his equilibrium. Reading her letters he blushed and suffered and displayed an absentmindedness which grieved his young wife from whom the rôle of Paulina in her husband's life was not a secret. It is interesting to note that, much later, Paulina, then already a woman in the "Age de Balzaque," married a youngster who soon afterwards became one of the foremost Russian writers on religious problems and one of the best students of Dostoievsky. However, six years later this man, V. Rozanoff, was also abandoned by Paulina.

It is also only now that we can tell in detail the story of Dostoievsky's acquainatnce with Anna Grigorievna Snitkin, a young stenographer to whom he dictated in 1866 "The Gambler," a novel in which Paulina is portrayed, and who became a few months later his second wife. Of this as well as of their married life Anna Grigorievna, who worshipped to her last day the memory of her husband, tells us with a wealth of facts in her simple and sincere Reminiscences. She tells us how unfavorable was her first impression of the great writer. Indeed, there was something in his looks that attracted one's attention rather than sympathy.

> At the first sight (she says) he seemed rather old, but one could see right away that he is not over 47. He is of medium height and bears himself very straight. His face is as it were emaciated and sickly looking. His hair is light, even reddish, strongly pomaded, and brushed tight to the skull. He has two entirely different eyes: one is a usual brown eye, while in the other the pupil is so expanded that the iris is not seen at all. This unsimilarity of eyes lends to his face a strange enigmatic expression.

The nervousness and irritability of the writer added to the girl's unfavorable impression. But her second visit to him made her see him in a different light. With a perfect simplicity Dostoievsky told her of his almost unsurmountable financial difficulties, of his late brother's debts that burdened him, of his relations with editors who cheated him every day in every way. The girl was deeply touched by that frankness of the famous writer who spoke so simply to her, a stranger, of his affairs.

The characteristic of Dostoievsky—the husband and the father drawn by her is just as unaffected and true as it is dramatic and penetrating. Dostoievsky's endless and tender care for his family, the wild outbursts of his unfounded jealousy, his passion for roulette which made him on several occasions gamble away the last roubles he had, the tears of repentance he shed after such exploits, all this gives to a biographer an inestimable and perfectly reliable picture of Dostoievsky's every day life.

Finally, some of the recently published letters by Dostoievsky add important new features to our understanding of his political and religious philosophy as expressed in his works. Such is, for instance, his letter to Grand Duke Alexander, subsequently Emperor Alexander III, written in 1873 in which he explained to the future ruler of Russia his hatred of Russian liberalism and radicalism.

Such is, briefly outlined, the substance of the recently published part of the hitherto unpublished material on Dostoievsky. I shall now summarize in a few words the unusual fate of the rest of that material. The German Publishing House of Pieper & Co., Munich, has recently announced that it has acquired "at the price of considerable expenditures" from various Russian governmental institutions (museums, archives, etc.) the exclusive right of publishing all hitherto unpublished documents on and by Dostoievsky in all languages and countries including Russia. The announcement comprises such an authoritative enumeration of these documents, and Pieper's Publishing House has such a firm and established reputation, that there can be hardly any doubt as to the veracity of this statement. If so, this is the first case in history of a government giving out the spiritual legacy of a great national writer "in concession" to a foreign company. It is also the beginning of trade in Russia's cultural values. One may be sure that the Germans will do the job thoroughly and conscientiously—they have some very authoritative students of Dostoievsky who are thoroughly equipped to handle the treasures passing in their hands. But what would say the rabid Russian nationalist Dostoievsky who never tired of ridiculing the deep thinking German bourgeois of this daring and impudent transaction?

The "Annuaire General de la France et de l'Etranger, 1925" (Paris: Larousse), is the sixth in this series of reference books compiled by the Société d'Etudes et d'Informations Economiques, and like its predecessors is a most useful work. It covers the national and provincial administrations, the Constitution of the State, the labor, production, finance, and commerce, of France, the French colonies, and foreign nations. There is a section on the French press, and each division of the book has a bibliography.

On Napolean

AU CHEVET DE L'EMPEREUR. By Doctor CABANES. Paris: Albin Michel.

YET another book has been hewn from the inexhaustible quarry of Napoleon's life. The present volume, "At the Bedside of the Emperor," consists of material that has for the most part been accessible hitherto only in medical and historical journals. By collecting painstakingly every scrap of information that might shed the least light on Napoleon's health, the author, a physician, has succeeded in constructing a clinical record of the Corsican's life, with every passing pain duly recorded for the edification of posterity.

As a result of his exhaustive investigation, Dr. Cabanes has come to the conclusion that Napoleon should be classified as an "arthritic," under which category are to be included those who are susceptible to the gout, rheumatism, tuberculosis, cancer, and a number of kindred diseases. The thesis that this trait was hereditary in the Bonaparte family is supported by an examination of the meager records of Napoleon's parents, and of his brothers and sisters. In discussing the results of the autopsy performed by the English surgeons at St. Helena, the author comes to the orthodox conclusion that the Emperor's death was due to the combined ravages of cancer and tuberculosis.

On the whole, Dr. Cabanes has done his work in a competent, if rather pedestrian manner. In places he has been irritatingly diffuse, digressing to include descriptions and numerous anecdotes of every physician that ever attended the Emperor, from Dr. Héreau, who prescribed for the first spasm of colic of the Child of Destiny, to Dr. Corvisart, who administered calomel for an attack of imperial indigestion. In writing of the final days at St. Helena, when Napoleon's star was slowly setting to the accompaniment of the agonies of cancer, and the petty persecutions of Sir Hudson Lowe, the author has shown a fine feeling for the inherent tragedy of the situation. The book in no way detracts from Napoleon's glory. It is a true test of greatness to remain a heroic figure while suffering from the itch, and this the Emperor succeeded in accomplishing. The volume is richly illustrated with numerous reproductions of steel engravings of the period.

Brandes on Greece

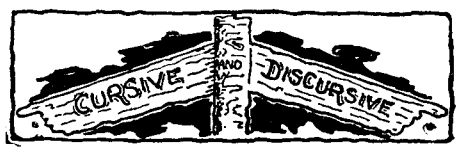
HELLAS. By GEORG BRANDES. Copenhagen: Gyldendals. 1925.

CONSIDERING that from his earliest day as a writer Georg Brandes has discussed Greek antiquity in all its varied aspects, and with an enthusiasm unsurpassed by any other scholar, it comes as a surprise to learn that not until past his eightieth year did the noted Danish critic visit Greece. In "Hellas," his latest work, we come face to face with impressions couched in language that reveals Georg Brandes the master in his particular domain. We are told that "devotion possesses the mind when after a whole life's longing for Attica one at last stands on Acropolis." For "the spot is hallowed ground."

Brandes's visit to Greece was marked by honors shown the Danish writer by the Government and individuals such as royal personages alone receive in Continental Europe. But interesting as are his comments on the political and economical aspects of modern Hellas, it is nevertheless the Greece of old that appeals most strongly to the reader of this little book. Brandes avows that he who has seen modern Greece may understand the nature of ancient Hellas. Curiously enough, the anniversary address was delivered before he had set foot on Greek soil, but there is little doubt that the visit was then in contemplation.

Brandes's conception of Homeric Greece may be summed up in the following sentences: "Hellenic greatness springs from the harmonious interplay of the various human faculties. It is a thing of the inner man. Allness to the Greek was cosmos, order, beauty."

A volume that ought to have the same sort of appeal as the fascinating "Fugger News Letters," if ever it finds its way into English translation, is the family history, intended by its author for private circulation but now published as one of its general works, by F. Gronvold. "Slaegts-Kröniker" (Oslo: Jacob Dybwads) is a record of a Dano-Norwegian family which flourished in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and is an interesting and illuminating portrayal of the life of the Dano-Norwegian aristocracy in a period during the greater part of which Norway was under the control of Denmark. The book is packed full of footnotes, of interpolations, and wandering passages but it is replete with lively anecdote and description.



GIRAFFES

IT is hard to find them, a shimmer among the mimosas,
In the hot lands, through the tall trees;
As they crane and stand
They blend with the land;
One doubts one sees
Such queer contours browse high among the mimosas,
Branching like trees.

Once there was one that stalked through bell-towered Florence
While the rich-robed crowd exclaimed aloud;
Once in the glaring Roman amphitheatre
Beasts like these
Stood tall as trees;
Still are they half a myth in their gaunt, ungainly
Pose of pride
Patterned and pied;
Their turning gaze is an old interrogation
That irks our ease.

There is queer mirth in the horns,
In the eye swerving,
Black as sloe,—
In the deer's ears,
In the long tongue's flicker,
In the steep neck's curving;
There are queer fears
At this arch initial of some erased design
Walking your world and mine.

Here is a hieroglyph, an untoward beauty
Mixed with a laughter of line,
A sudden shock
Of gorgeous fancy parading wastes of sand,—
A barren land
With this grotesque familiar seeming to mock
Our solemn scene,
Our careful green,
Our pastoral, our sunset by the clock.

They sport, they breed, they ramble and they amble
In mottled groves
With their mottled loves;
Start at the rifle, scramble
With flying hooves
Frantic from danger; sudden they stumble dying,
Lopped by the stroke of death,
To the yellow sand beneath;
Adrift, their strange white skeletons are lying
Stripped by the simoon's teeth.

In the mind it is hard to find them, as in the vision;
Here and there
In the fetid air
Of dreary wired enclosures they mark misprision
With an alien stare,
Balancing boredom against monotony
Diurnally,
Eternally,
Accepting the life we bear.

But we who sometimes glance their way and wonder
For a little while
And gape or smile,
Do not truly believe; if we saw them ploughing
Slanting and high against the sky,
If we saw them stalking the streets, but not in the circus,
Hauling loads
On our travelled roads,
We should laugh at first, and then their tawdried glory
Would only guide our goads.

It is hard to understand, too hard to measure
This wastefulness by our worthiness.
This whim of design, the inexplicable pleasure
Wrought by what we affirm the "meaningless."
Spectacular? But then our aim is other,—
Oh quite! These fancies troublingly retard. . .
Why should Creation bother . . .?
But the hieroglyph's too hard!

W. R. B.

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William Beebe's "Galapagos: World's End" is already a classic. Now comes his new volume of essays on the jungles of British Guiana, a book which won instant and enthusiastic welcome. Here are some opinions of the press:

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"William Beebe is a naturalist who tells stories as passionately as if they were detective stories—you need merely glance through the book. After that purchase is inevitable."—*Harry Hansen, Chicago Daily News.* Illustrated, $3.00

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

CONTENT AND METHODS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By SAMUEL J. VAUGHN and ARTHUR B. MAYS. Century. 1925. $2.

This book comes as near being a one-volume library as any we have yet seen. The teacher in industrial arts or in vocational shops, for whom it is written, will find in its four hundred pages a complete, well organized, and unprejudiced presentation of the history, purposes, and methods of industrial education in this country, viewed from the vantage point of twenty years' experience.

Opinion on this new phase of education has ranged all the way from that of the extreme classicists to that of men like the principal of a vocational school who we once heard remark that he saw "no reason for teaching history, which is nothing but a collection of dates, and won't help a man earn his living." Between such extremes the authors keep an even keel, believing that the "goal of education is socially desirable conduct on the part of the individual," and that this involves, briefly, acquisition of knowledge, training of mind and hand, and preparation for some special vocation.

After a sane discussion of the part which industrial education does or should play in the curriculum, they give a brief history of its development in this country, and then discuss, in a detailed manner calculated to be extremely helpful to the new teacher, or even to the experienced one, exactly how to start a class in shop work, how to conduct the demonstration, plan the projects, present the lesson, and use the various textbooks. Further chapters are devoted to other problems arising in the life of the industrial arts and the vocational teacher, and all of these are made vivid by numerous specific examples drawn from the experience of the authors, both of whom have been or are now professors of industrial education.

The book is arranged, with questions and references at the end of each chapter, so that it can be used as a text, and is one of the Century Education Series.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Sir Reginald Blomfield.* Oxford University Press. $3 net.

Belles Lettres

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S LIBRARY. By JOHN BRETT LANGSTAFF. Stokes. 1925. $2.

Mr. Langstaff is president of the Children's Libraries Movement in England, and in this book he tells how a library for children was established in a London house which was occupied by Charles Dickens in that period of his youth which corresponds to David Copperfield's boyhood. Many persons interested in children's reading, and many admirers of Dickens had a hand in the work. The book itself contains literary contributions by Sir Owen Seaman and Alfred Noyes; drawings by Raven Hill, Frank Reynolds, H. M. Bateman, and others. It is interesting to collectors of Dickensiana, but still more so to those engaged in library work for children.

VONDEL. By A. J. BARNOUW. [Great Hollanders Series]. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Students of English literature have generally made acquaintance with the name of the Dutch poet Vondel in connection with a theory, now discredited, that his biblical drama "Lucifer" contributed something to Milton's "Paradise Lost." To the Dutch, however, Vondel is the great classic poet, the dominant figure of the golden age of the seventeenth century. Why they should feel as they do is made admirably clear in Dr. Barnouw's volume, which is much more than a biography—a vivid account not only of the poet's immediate circle, but also of social and political life in the Netherlands for the all but hundred years of Vondel's lifetime.

Although no scholar, in an age when scholarship bore the bell, Vondel by indefatigable industry became the interpreter of classical letters to his people. His robust and courageous personality found opportunity both to create a succession of works of art and, through them, considerably to affect the political currents of his day. His courage appears not more in his defiance of political authority by his defence of Oldenbarnevelt in the alloquivical play of "Palamedes" than in the years of uncomplaining drudgery when the defalcations of a graceless son compelled his old age to earn bread by keeping a ledger in the city pawnshop. A merciless satirist of the Calvinist minister in his youth he became at sixty a delighted convert to the church of Rome and to the end of his days continued to practice and to preach his Christian humanism. Vondel brought the world to Holland and his poetic appeal is therefore limited to those whose language he helped to dignity and richness, unlike the great Dutch families, to whose work his own is often akin in method, who speak of Holland to the world. But the crowds who annually witness in Amsterdam the performance of his "Gijsbrecht van Aemstel" offer but one evidence of his enduring value to his countrymen.

EMOTION IN ART. By *Sir Claude Phillips.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION. Edited by *Frederick C. Prescott* and *John H. Nelson.* Crowell. $1.50 net.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER. By *Ralph Leslie Rusk.* Columbia University Press. 2 vols. $7.50.

Biography

WILLIAM AUSTIN, The Creator of Peter Rugg. Being a biographical sketch of William Austin, together with the best of his short stories. By his grandson, WALTER AUSTIN. Marshall Jones. 1925.

As there are poets who immortalize themselves by a single couplet, so there are fiction writers who live in a single character. One of this company is William Austin, whose Peter Rugg never acquired the fame of Rip Van Winkle or Mulberry Sellers, but has nevertheless taken his place among the true legendary figures of New England. This tragic figure in a gig, who because he defied a tempest at Menotomy with a "fearful oath" was condemned forever to beat about Massachusetts in a vain effort to reach Boston, is a creation worthy of Hawthorne, and quite as successful as the gray champion, or the black-veiled minister. The inspiration from the Flying Dutchman legend is evident, but the story is related with originality and art. Mr. Walter Austin has with praiseworthy thoroughness traced the whole career of his grandfather, which presents few points of interest. He was a lawyer at the Middlesex and Sussex bar, an earnest Democrat, who fought a duel with an equally fiery Federalist named James Elliott, and an industrious member of the State Senate. Unquestionably he was a man of strong individuality, considerable humor, and real powers of observation, and these qualities are illustrated by some amusing family anecdotes. But this biographical sketch hardly makes him so living a figure as his own Peter Rugg.

The chief value of the volume lies in its reprint of not merely "Peter Rugg, The Missing Man," but the three other stories by which Austin added to his modest reputation. "The Man With the Cloaks" is an American prose version of the theme of Wordsworth's "Good Blake and Harry Gill," with ingenious variations. Grindell, a Vermont skinflint, shows himself so coldhearted that he cannot get warm physically, but puts on cloak after cloak until one day he does an act of kindness, and finds that it is possible to remove one of his garments. "The Late Joseph Natterstrom," another tale, relates the strange test that was made of the honesty of a New York merchant, and the reward that he received for passing it. "Martha Gardner, or Moral Reaction," is a tale of the persecution of a poor woman by the powerful corporation of the Charles River Bridge, and embodies Austin's opinions regarding the danger inherent in the growth of heartless corporate entities. The genuine merit of all these stories in style as well as conception makes it regrettable that circumstances did not favor a literary career for Austin. A book of letters from England which he wrote in 1802-03 is additional evidence of his command of the pen. But his environment led him to give to briefs the energies that a century later he might have given to magazines and books.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES. By *S. Baring-Gould.* Dutton. $6.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CROOK. By *R. L. Dearden.* Dial Press. $2.

THE LETTERS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Dial Press. $2.50.

(Continued on next page)

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OXFORD BOOKS

The Dialogues of Plato
Translated into English with Analyses and Introductions. *By B. Jowett.* New impression, 1925, of the third edition, 1892. Five volumes. Cloth, *net*, $25.00.

Owing to a regrettable incident of the war the electroplates of Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato* were lost, with the result that the book has been out of print for some time and very high prices have been charged for copies. This new impression has been produced photographically by the Muston process.

The Wandering Scholar
By D. G. Hogarth $3.00

This is a reissue of the bulk of two books, *The Wandering Scholar*, published in 1896, *Accidents of an Antiquary's Life*, in 1910. Together they give a vivid picture of life and adventure in the Near East.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

OLD BRIG'S CARGO. By HENRY A. PULSFORD. Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. $2.

One of the runners-up for the Charles Boardman Hawes prize, this is splendidly true to the manner and atmosphere of the "Dark Frigate." Here we have the sturdy young hero, the faithful sea-faring companion, pirates, hidden treasure in the South Seas, and all the adventure relished by youthful and once-youthful readers. The plot is cleverly contrived without undue evasion of probabilities, the author's crisply marching style and keen imagination for detail never falter, while the final recovery and disposition of the treasure are handled with a neat little quirk of novelty.

HURRICANE. By OLGA PETROVA. Four Seas. 1924. $2.

In "Hurricane" Madame Petrova has written the story of a poor immigrant girl in Texas, whose ambition carries her far, but who in the end succumbs to the tragic and inescapable results of the life she has led. In spite of the conventionality and many crudities from which this play suffers there are moments of good characterization and considerable power. On the whole, however, the appeal is more theatric than genuinely dramatic.

THE DREAM DETECTIVE. By SAX ROHMER. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

It is difficult to discover any reason for this book. It can hardly do the author any good with his large following. It consists of ten "episodes" strung upon the tenuous thread of a central character. No doubt each story adequately served its purpose in a magazine, but when the ten are gathered together, the machinery, similar in each case, becomes painfully evident. A great deal of ingenuity has been expended on each tale, but there is not enough verisimilitude to make it go down. Furthermore the author with a strange perversity in so ingenious a story-teller, after building up a really ghostly situation, insists on destroying it with a flatly rational explanation. This results in nine painful anticlimaxes. In the tenth story he allows the ghostly element to follow through with happier results. There are interesting possibilities in Moris Klaw, the protagonist of all the stories, but as the author describes him in almost identical words in every story, he becomes very tiresome. A modicum of editing when the stories were gathered together would have overcome this.

It might be pointed out that it is almost impossible to contrive a good detective yarn within the space of the conventional short story. The author has not room enough to build up a convincing intrigue. Even Sherlock Holmes was not wholly successful in a short story. The ideal length for a detective story is the novelette. This is long enough for the author to get everything out of his story that there is in it; and not so long that he is obliged to weaken his driving force by heaping Pelion upon Ossa.

THOMAS THE IMPOSTOR. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated with an introduction by LEWIS GALANTIERE. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

Guillaume Thomas was a boy of sixteen who masqueraded as the nephew of the great General de Fontenoy. Nobody thought to question his title. It was the first autumn of the war: a time of wild confusion when the Germans were marching on Paris and any impossible rumor could be preferred to fact. The General himself was dying of his wounds; he could not deny the story, while as for young Thomas, it is only natural that he came to believe his own lie. Afterwards, when he was paraded at dinner parties by the Princesse de Bormes, he invented other stories, which he also believed. Everybody found him charming. The daughter of the Princess fell in love with him, but he marched away to die at the front, without being unmasked and without understanding the enormity of his falsehoods.

Like his own hero, Cocteau is considered sometimes as a genius, sometimes as an impostor. The present novel admits of neither explanation. It is rapid, absorbing, and ends inevitably. It is told simply in a style which, incidentally, loses none of its charm in the translation by Lewis Galantière. A novel so capably written could never be called an imposture, but neither can it be judged as a work of genius. It is too narrow in its imaginative scope, too shallow in its emotions. Its characters have no independent life; they remain to the end puppets of the author. In other words, "Thomas the Impostor" is neither a great book nor a little book: it is a readable, excellent novel of the second rank.

UP THE RITO. By JARVIS HALL. Penn. 1925. $2.

As a Western story, Jarvis Hall's "Up the Rito" is not bad. It has a fairly novel plot, having to do with a woman who is for some unknown reason an opera singer; a backwoods poet, mute and inglorious; other facile and stereotyped characters, and a situation not too impossible nor too insufficient. It has much interesting descriptive material of a type quite different from the usual ruck of adventure novels; it is barely possible that Mr. Hall knows whereof he writes. And the love story is improbable enough to make it adventurous.

But as a piece of writing, "Up the Rito" is rather horrible. Not that much good literary effort is meant to be spent on such material. But such sentences as "She shook herself together and decided to go for a ride," "Apache lay smiling in the sun for the month was April and the clock in Robinson's store registered eleven o'clock in the morning" are indefensible. . . . Not all is as bad as this; but of course there is no individuality in style; and there is far too much of that sort of moralizing—platitudinizing—which seems to have a fatal attraction for the average Western story writer.

WOLF. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Doran. 1925. $2.

Here is a story that will appeal to all dog owners and all lovers of dogs. The author not only knows dogs intimately and at first hand, but is able to portray them vividly and in sympathetic strokes. "Wolf," the hero of the book, is a collie that we come to know as closely as though he were a human being; and, certainly, there are many human beings that one would find not so well worth knowing. From his adventuresome puppyhood to his not less adventuresome death, we follow him through numerous exploits in which he displays rare wisdom, and an individuality more striking than that of many of his two-legged superiors. The book is composed of a series of narratives, each of which would be complete if read alone, yet all of which are linked together and gain in effectiveness through the unifying personality of the canine hero. Sometimes amusing, sometimes exciting, sometimes whimsical, the book is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end.

Miscellaneous

THE COMPLETE LIMERICK BOOK. By LANGFORD REED. Putnams. 1925. $2.50.

Strayed, and at loose-ends throughout the world since well back in the last century, thousands of limericks, one may suppose, have lived, multiplied, and perished. No one has thought to gather them together. There has seemed no need. The poet has fashioned his own; the man on the street has delighted in parading the crudest attempts; children, even, have trifled with their intoxicating metres when the counting-out rhyme would seem their sole avenue to Parnassus. At the moment, almost in spite of its sordid past in the annals of English advertising, when Mr. Samuda was "limerick contest king," and quite in spite of the continuing American demand for a last line, the limerick remains as sweet and joyous as ever. The plaything of facile minds, the prize squib of the dullard, it has a distinct social position—rather after dinner than before.

Recognizing this, Mr. Langford Reed has literally scoured the English speaking countries for the finest examples of the art. Several hundred of these he has put in "The Complete Limerick Book," whose pages are further enlivened (though not so thoroughly as one might expect) by occasional drawings of H. M. Bateman. An introduction, which inclines to ramble, reports with apparent fidelity the history of the limerick, the life *in parvo* of Edward Lear, some account of limericks that have made money, and the author's conception of the Learmarks of a good one.

Although at the lim'ricks of Lear
We may feel a temptation to sneer,
We should never forget
That we owe him a debt
For his work as the first pioneer.

There is considerably more verse here than Poe would swallow at a sitting, if ever. But one may be particular and discriminating with limericks and conclude that Mr. Reed's detritus only goes to prove the precious quality of the gems.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Poetry

THE POOR KING'S DAUGHTER. By ALINE KILMER. Doran. 1925. $2.

The Poor King's Daughter is marked by the same strain of impish wistfulness that distinguishes Mrs. Kilmer's other volumes. We take great delight in her fancies, always and often. She was certainly in an earlier incarnation, a witch who slipped through the arms and minds of all who attempted to hold her. Is it because of a perverse desire to mix things in a cauldron that she permits ironic and delightful poems to mingle with verses obviously slight and inferior? Why place "Favete Linguis" next to "Prelude," "Thus to Revisit" by "The Jest"? The elements were not sorted in this book nor the herbs separated from the blossoms.

SUNG TO SHAHRYAR. By E. POWYS MATHERS. Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $1.75.

These verses, selected from "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night" which was rendered from the literal and complete version of Dr. J. C. Mardrus and collated with other sources by Mr. E. Powys Mathers, were printed for subscribers by the Casanova Society in 1923-1924. They compose an abundant volume of poetry, and all of it poetry. Ranging in subject from Food to Ways of Love, from Trades and Cries to Flowers, from Death to Houses and Hospitality, these verses make up a book of pressed roses that have lost none of their gorgeousness in Mr. Mathers's excellent renderings.

Sensual, heavily laden with colors and perfumes, encrusted with jewels, these lyrics yet retain a startling simplicity, a charming playfulness. The burst of song is native to all of them. But though Mr. Mathers is unusually successful in keeping the flavor of the Oriental in his renditions, it is difficult to distinguish some of these verses from the work of the English cavalier poets. We quote one song as a case in point:

Who sings your slender body is a reed,
His simile a little misses;
Reeds must be naked to be fair indeed,
While your sweet garments are but added blisses.

Who sings your body is a slender bough
Also commits a kindred folly;
Boughs to be fair must have green leaves enow
And you, my white one, must be naked wholly.

Sociology

THE CHILD, THE CLINIC AND THE COURT: A Group of Papers. The New Republic.

MODERN MARRIAGE. By *Paul Popenoe*. Macmillan. $2.50.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

WEEK-END. By *Charles Brackett* (McBride).

THE BOOK OF EARTH. By *Alfred Noyes* (Stokes).

EVOLUTION. By *Henry S. Crampton*. (Columbia University Press).

A. N., Hollywood, Cal., two or three years ago addresed to Bertrand Russell much the same request for books "gently to introduce one to the study of philosophy" as recently appeared in this department from C. L. W., Cleveland, O.

THE philosopher, who does not despise the amateur, suggested that he might read J. E. Erdmann's a "History," translated by Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet, and Alexander's "Space, Time, and Deity." Speaking of the author of the latter work, he called him a kind of modern Spinoza: a Jew with Spinoza's geniality.

"Personally," goes on A. N., "I can heartily recommend the following. Hoffding's 'History of Modern Philosophy,' from the close of the Renaissance to our own day, translated from the German by B. E. Meyer. It was first published in 1899; unfortunately it brings us only to about 1880, consequently such philosophers as Nietzsche, James, Bergson, Boutroux, Russell, Croce, Gentile, Moore, Wittgenstein, do not figure in it and we lack a treatment of the general philosophic effect of the theory of relativity as it effects philosophy save as far as relativity is implied in the views of such a philosopher as Bruno. So far as it goes, however, the exposition is lucid, inclusive, and if not altogether easy reading, at least not painful. It does not display that extremely involved way of writing which seems to be the bane of most philosophers' style. Hoffding's 'Brief History' appears to be a sort of peptonized version of these two large volumes, with additional chapters treating, among other modern figures, of James, Nietzsche, Eucken, etc. Hoffding is a psychologist and his approach that of an empirical introspectionist.

"The most brilliant and amusing volume I know—every would-be student of philosophy should know it, it is a glorious affair—is F. S. Schiller's 'Riddle of the Sphinx.' His approach is humanist and pragmatical; modern philosophic systems from and including Kant's pass before him and he sifts them with the acid of a pragmatist. If the reader is of a pragmatical disposition I think he will conclude that very little remains of them; if he is not, he will at least be in a position to know what are the tenets and some of the weaknesses of these systems. As an approach to the Greeks I recommend Appleton's 'Greek Philosophy from Phales to Aristotle,' composed for the use of the sixth form in the remarkable Perse School at Cambridge, England. Santayana's 'Winds of Doctrine' provides a stimulating offset to the cult of Bergson and Russell's 'Problems of Philosophy' (Home University Library, Holt) is a very good book to read first of all. It provides one with a formidable weather-eye to be kept open for philosophers who are vague in logic and rash in their minimum assumptions. I cannot conclude without mentioning the chapter on 'The Nature of Things' in Eddington's 'Space, Time, and Gravitation.' The mathematics in the earlier chapters I cannot follow, but this chapter is one of the most exciting and liberating things I ever read in my life."

T. Y. C., Cincinnati, O., sends for books with recipes for genuine French dishes; I think she means in French, but the headquarters of this department being at this time of writing London, I can no longer refer the question to local authority.

THERE are two books at least in English, published in America, that will furnish a cook with an open mind plans for the construction, not of restaurant items in a sort of culinary Esperanto, but of what you might call dishes in dialect—good old French family fillers. "Colette's Best Recipes" (Little, Brown) came out long enough ago for me to try and to recommend it. Now Mme. Claire de Pratz, well known in New York, has compiled "French Home Cooking" (Dutton), which ranges all over the map and represents aristocracy and peasantry with recipes copied by permission from treasured, handwritten cook books handed down from one generation to another. It goes through the menu from *hors d'œuvres* to dessert, and much of it is not out of the reach of a woman with a make-shift kitchen.

F. B. Worcester, Mass., asks for a "good book of strong, powerful words or phrases for effective composition."

BY the time a combination of words gets into one of these collections of "effective phrases" it should, in my opinion, be allowed to rest there like an urn in a crematorium; it has lived its life and been burnt out. A book like "Workmanship in Words," by J. P. Kelley (Little, Brown), is better; this is elementary, approaching the subject by four roads, grammatical propriety, clearness, ease, and force. "Knowing and Using Words," by W. D. Lewis (Allyn & Bacon) discusses pronunciations as well as derivations and some of the more common misuses of words. "Everyday Words and Their Uses," by R. P. Utter (Harper), explains the meaning of some thousand words constantly used, giving an idea of their history. All these books are smalll and inexpensive. Of course I could not let the occasion pass without one more whoop for the book that I am told I have more often praised than any other, Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary" (Dutton), and that pearl of dictionaries, the "Concise Oxford." But all these are of no avail without the personal motto "Toujours l'audace." What will it profit a man to have a headful of "powerful words" if for fear of his friends he goes on using only the words they use? And all I can say about learning phrases by heart is that somewhere Dunsany says something to the effect that phrases are parasites that feed on the fur of thought and end by destroying it.

L. J. G., Toppenish, Wash., asks for books for a study-group wishing to make some acquaintance with Russian literature translated into English.

"A GUIDE to Russian Literature," by Moissaye J. Olgin (Harcourt, Brace), was apparently written with some such use as this in mind: it goes from 1820 to 1917, beginning each section with a survey of its general literary production and social conditions, and giving to authors a brief description rather than criticism, though criticisms by Russians are often quoted. Maurice Baring's "Outline of Russian Literature" is one of the little books in the Home University Library (Holt). It goes to 1905 and is the most ingratiating introduction for the general reader. I am asked to choose six books for special study; I should read, in this order, Pushkin's "Boris Godunov," rendered into English verse by Alfred Hayes (Dutton); Gogol's "Dead Souls" (Knopf); Turgeniev's "Fathers and Children" (Macmillan); Dostoievsky's "The Idiot" (Macmillan)—all three in the translations of Constance Garnett, and wherever you can get anything translated by her it will be the nearest approach that can be made to the original; Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" (Crowell), and for Chekhov either his "Plays" published by Scribner, translated by Julian West, or a volume of his short stories translated by Mrs. Garnett (Macmillan); a good beginning would be the one called "The Darling and Other Stories."

E. G. B., Pine Bluff, Ark., asks who wrote "Deirdre." J. M. Synge made a play out of the deathless legend of "Deirdre of the Sorrows"; W. B. Yeats has made one too, but so far as I am concerned, Deirdre lives, loves, and dies in the romance of James Stephens, published last year by Macmillan, one of a series of retold court legends of Ireland.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Buttering the Hay

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I be allowed to comment upon the letter of Mr. B. R. McElderry, Jr., in your issue of May 16?

First, Mr. Morley exhibited an old school text as a fossil of a supposedly extinct species; I aimed mine arrow at two existent specimens, and have brought the watch down upon me. And all for a mere thrill of defiance!

To purge my levity I withdraw the term "baled hay" with reference to the senior whose only English consisted of two credits in The Sources of the Arthurian Epic. Reflecting upon the stern economies of animal husbandry, I see that the term was infelicitous. Let some licensed satirist name it. A young person equipped with what the Psalmist would term an instrument of one string "*elects*" *l'Oiseau de Feu, passively observes* a specalist play (with cold understanding and complete obliviousness) eight measures allotted to the English horn, and is duly awarded two credits. Waiving comment upon teaching and education, let us write the case down as a fault of academic machinery.

I am less willing to yield ground on the other case: that of the graduate student who had counted rhyme tags in Elizabethan plays but remained ignorant of Shakespeare's words. Were industry and accuracy here (granting that she had them) an equivalent for reading intelligence? As I see it, the result of her seminar work amounted to a slight contribution to her professor's next book; a doubtful discipline in scientific method (more appropriately had in a laboratory or factory); and the grave probability that some hundreds of young people in the high schools would receive poor teaching at her hands. Mr. McElderry prizes the function of discovery and conservation of the contributory details of knowledge about literature. To me the function of teaching what needs most to be learned seems more important. I wonder whether our universities, in their avidity to develop specialists, have not too often prematurely forced the function of research upon young people whose essential need was for something quite different.

He suggests a series of articles "on various phases of the study and teaching of literature in the colleges and universities." Let me nominate one topic in this undertaking: a history of the word "research" in its current application to English studies in this country. When did the word acquire this sense with us? What essential changes came with it? How has it affected scholarship, teaching, and culture through study? How has it affected the quality of books written, and of editing done, by English teachers? I trust I have not begged the question in so stating it.

Toward true scholarship no sensible person feels contempt. But true scholarship is not a recent development. Even before the seminar became universal, there were scholare who discouraged slovenly thought and solemn pomposity, taught sound criticism, and were not afraid to accept literature in the same spirit in which it was written. A prodigious deal of industry we have had lately, with (it appears to me) much uncritical over-valuing of the fact; much ferreting of sources and influences, of peeping and botanizing, while the truth of literature has escaped; and a sadly forced production of perfunctory publication lacking the communicable power and beauty worthy of English studies. An objection to the disparity between investigation and culture surely ought not to be self-evidence of laziness or sentimentality.

One dissertation I hope to see before dissertations go out. I have a protegé, Cleghorn—"had" were more accurate, for he has long been a solitary bird. One day, teaching babes in grace their grammar (including Abbott), I commented upon the cockney's brother who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay. Here, I said, was a nut for the stoutest dissertationist. There were notes a-plenty upon the cockney; as to buttered hay three centuries of exegesis maintained cold silence. Where had Shakespeare borrowed that buttered hay? I saw Cleghorn's eyes almost gleam. He became that moment an investigator. He began to haunt seminars. Avid for the meaning of two words, he ground at grammar, dead otherwise both ways from the waist. Once (such courage had his passion) he swallowed his pride and essayed one semester in the agricultural college, hunting butter and hay to their unsentimental sources. His card index grew to baggage. From our remote academic quiet we heard rumors of him from afar. Through austere corridors of specialization he moved, scornful at finding not a wisp, not a spreading of the one thing in the world worth knowing. His humility changed to bitter pride; he found himself unique. Passing the British Museum one afternoon two years ago, I saw him turned out with other absorbed scholars, to blink among the pigeons. We foregathered in a friendly chop-house off Holborn, and presently Cleghorn thawed. He had abandoned finally the hypothesis of a printer's error; sources, while elusive and very remote, still promised pay dirt. I urged a vacation in England, that part of England that lies outside of the British Museum and the Bodleian; offered tempting trivialities about the west country and Bill Pugh, the bellringer of Munsterworth, who knows more ballads than Percy wot of. If there ever had been in Gloucestershire a rustic wheeze about buttered hay, *Bill Pugh would know of it.* Cleghorn was coldly scornful. Awed a little, I hinted that maybe after all buttered hay had been only a joke, a jape to win a laugh; that perhaps Shakespeare himself had enjoyed it, a poor thing but his own. That hint lost me the last vestige of his respect: one does not joke about serious subjects.

One comfort—Cleghorn's living is assured. I spoke about him to a certain academic executive who, being gifted with an infection of Shakespeare's own humor, occasionally allows a cat to look at a king. "We want him," said the great man. "When he has published something, we'll make him official reader of all doctorate dissertations. They get written, don't they? Then why shouldn't they be read?" And that argument, so far as a layman can see, is unanswerable.

E. O. JAMES.

An Inquiry

To the Editor of the Saturday Review:
SIR:

Some years ago I read a book about an outrageously engaging book collector (a real person), but have lost the title and can't seem to trace it. It was such an unusual book I feel you must know it, but Alas! the only identification I have was remembering that "he didn't wear clothes—he dwelt at large in them." And writing in a book for a young niece, he wrote: "To the kid, had Abraham possessed which, Isaac would have been the burnt offering."

Of course, I can't really hope you'll identify it from this, but it gives me a wedge to ask that you read "Lucienne," by Jules Romains, if you haven't. Full of shimmery attenuations.

D. DEJAGERS.

New York.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

E. M., Scottdale, Pa., asks for books on psychology dealing with the science of human behavior.

ANY intelligent onlooker interested in people will, I think, get a better viewpoint, and quite possibly develop a clearer vision, by reading John Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" (Holt). "Pleasure and Behavior," by F. L. Wells (Appleton), would more especially interest those who have to do with young people; A. A. Roback's "Behaviorism and Psychology" (University Bookstores, Cambridge, Mass.), is a textbook of physiological psychology; other standard textbooks are Smith and Guthrie's "General Psychology in Terms of Behavior" (Appleton), and R. C. Givler's "Psychology: the Science of Human Behavior" (Harper).

Speaking of psychology, it seems that I omitted from my list of books on the preschool period the important recent publication "The Psychology of the Pre-School Child," by Baldwin and Scither (Appleton). This was called to my attention by R. G. H., Chicago; it was on the first draft of that list, and was left out by accident only; it should certainly be included.

J. *C. E., Chicago,* inquires for an annual selection of newspaper stories that I recognize as "Best News Stories of 1924," chosen and arranged by Joseph Anthony (Small, Maynard). This collection has a wide field, in subject and in geography, and I found it a book to keep in the library, for light not only on journalistic practice but on contemporary American life.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AMY LOWELL'S LIBRARY

AMY LOWELL was well known as a persistent, discriminating collector among rare book dealers in this country for many years, although the world at large knew little about her literary treasures. A writer in the Boston *Transcript*, who has had the good fortune to have spent some time in her library, has devoted a whole page to a description of its character and contents.

The library is described as a large room walled with book cases, above which rich paneling of Russian oak is relieved by garlands of wood carving falling from ceiling to mantels and framing doorways, while Japanese carvings of great beauty hang above the books. But the books are not confined to one room only. They crowd every available space of the house from the third floor down to the stately library. Books are everywhere! Books and more books, in every room, in halls, in passage ways, on the floor, on desk and tables, threatening, as Miss Lowell once said, to crowd her out of house and home. A few years ago her collection was estimated to contain 15,000 volumes. It has never been catalogued, and there is only the briefest kind of a list and this contains only items of great rarity and value.

Her rarities, from a collector's point of view, are both numerous and important. Her Hardy collection stands worthily up to the standard of that of Mr. McCutcheon, which was sold at the American Art Galleries this season. There is a bewildering assembly of the first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Fanny Burney, Fielding, and scores of other authors, American and English. For instance, there are such items as Fielding's "Tom Jones," a magnificent copy; Gay's own copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost"; Frederick Locker Lampson's copies of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" and Sheridan's "The Rivals"; Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and the same author's manuscript of "Passage to India"; and the manuscript of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh."

The Keats collection is famous. Miss Harriet Monroe, a personal friend of Miss Lowell and editor of *Poetry*, says in the July number that "the collection is said to be richer in Keats material than any other collection except the British Museum." For instance, here is the manuscript of the sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," and that of "The Eve of St. Agnes," with attestation by Severn. There is a surprisingly large number of books that once belonged to Keats, many of them presentation copies from authors and friends. "John Keats to Fanny Brawne," is the inscription in the 1820 edition of "Lamia," while another copy of the same date is inscribed to B. Davenport. William Hazlitt's "Characters in Shakespeare's Plays," is described in a note by Miss Lowell as "The finest book from Keats's library in existence, containing his criticisms of the characters of Shakespeare." Keats's name in his handwriting is on the title page with this couplet referring to Hazlitt:

In moral prophecies and scope of things
He hath a kind of taste—I somehow grow
to.

Miss Lowell's lecture delivered at Yale University, February 23, 1921, was the beginning of the intensive work which culminated in "John Keats," published shortly before her death. Sources, authorities, original material, and notes used in writing this work have all been carefully preserved, and make an item of transcendent interest. There are also many original letters of Keats, together with prints, photographs, mementoes, and manuscripts without number.

Even the history of Miss Lowell's book collecting is found here. In an article "That Bookcase," she tells the story of her childhood interest in books and how it grew until she became an enthusiastic collector. "I do not know," she says, "when I began to collect books, but I do know that it was at such a tender age as to seem ludicrous even to me in retrospect." A handsome forty-eight volume set of Scott, purchased when a very young woman with her own money was the first of her book buying. A copy of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," followed, and once she had made a beginning, she was a persistent reader of American and English dealers' catalogues, and constant orders were the result.

Taken altogether, this library contains one of the most complete collections of modern poetry yet brought together. Herein, it is believed, lies its great practical value. It is not merely a collection or rare books although it is preëminently that, but it is a live, vital collection to be loved as books are loved, to be worked with, studied, and to inspire the student and poet. It is indeed fortunate that this collection is to be preserved intact, and Harvard University Library is fortunate to be able to hold it in trust for posterity.

GIFT OF MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS

PERHAPS the most important collection of material relating to the single tax policy has just become the property of the New York Public Library through the gift of the daughter of Henry George. It includes 1,700 letters addressed to Henry George between 1854 and 1897; six volumes of his copy press letter books, between 1869 and 1896; his diary between 1855 and 1896, and the text of his lectures on Moses, the Malthusian theory, woman suffrage, the single tax theory, and numerous addresses delivered in all parts of the country during more than a quarter of a century. Among the printed books are the various editions of all of Henry George's books, among them seven editions of "Progress and Poverty" including the rare author's edition printed in San Francisco in 1879, containing numerous notes and corrections in the author's handwriting; four editions of "Conditions of Labor"; three of "The Land Question"; three of "A Perplexed Philosopher," and two of "Social Problems." There are also various translations of Henry George's works in Italian, Spanish, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Polish and Dutch, and books relating to Henry George and his single tax theories in Japanese, Danish, Dutch and German. And in addition there is a great deal of miscellaneous material brought out by the discussions of two or three decades that it would be practically impossible to duplicate. This material when catalogued will be invaluable to the student of Henry George's theories which attracted so much attention in their day.

THE SIMPLE AMERICAN COLLECTOR

SIR EDMUND GOSSE recently remarked that "our ingenuous transatlantic friends are being more and more generally swindled by London and Dublin dealers, who pass on to their simplicity clever forgeries of Shelley, Byron, and Keats as important documents hitherto unknown." Mr. Gosse's characterization of the London and Dublin dealers as swindlers and American collectors as simpletons has caused more sharp comment in England than in America. The "well informed" English dealer has paid his good money for fakes only to have their shortcomings pointed out and returned by the "simple" American collector. A case in point was recently pointed out by George H. Sargent of the Boston *Transcript*. The Kipling fake, "In Sight of Mount Monadnock," was sold as genuine by a reputable firm of book dealers to an English collector, and was exposed as a fake in a New York auction room, where it subsequently appeared. Mr. Sargent pertinently remarks that "American collectors generally know what they are buying, and have found reason to rely upon the probity of London dealers and their own judgment regarding the genuineness of their purchases abroad."

NOTE AND COMMENT

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. promise a new book by A. Edward Newton, author of "Amenities of Book Collecting," before the end of the year. It will be entitled, "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers," and in addition to the regular edition, there will be a large paper edition, autographed by the author, with three additional plates in color, limited to 470 copies, more than half of which have already been sold.

* *

The death of B. W. Matz, of London, editor of *The Dickensian* and founder of the Dickens Fellowship, ends a life devoted largely to interesting kindred spirits in the great novelist and his writings. Sir Hall Caine in his remarks at a memorial service said: "He wrote of Dickens, he brought out editions of Dickens, he lectured on Dickens, he founded societies for the study of Dickens, he edited a magazine devoted exclusively to Dickens, and he answered thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of letters from Dickens lovers all over the world asking for help and enlightenment. He knew Dickens the man and author as perhaps no other had ever known him—possibly, also, as no one ever will.

* *

Two copies of the First Folio of Shakespeare changed hands at Christie's in London, June 18,—one at the sale of the library of Lord Middleton and the other in the short dispersal which followed it. Both copies were defective, but the price obtained for one was exactly double that for the other, £3,500 and £1,750. The better copy lacked only the title leaf and the leaf of verses (supplied in facsimile), while the other lacked in all eleven leaves, including the title, leaf of verses, "Dedication to the Earl of Pembroke," "To the Reader," and "To the Memory of W. Shakespeare," apart from smaller defects.

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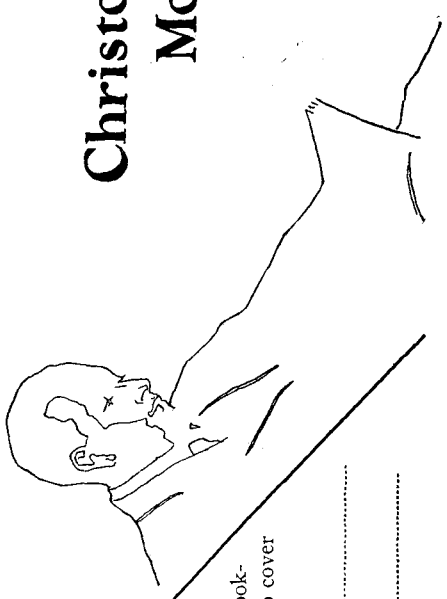
TWO FABLES, by Christopher Morley
$1.50 Doubleday, Page & Co.

To readers of *The Saturday Review* it would be superfluous to say anything about Christopher Morley except that we have just published his TWO FABLES, consisting of translations of de Musset's "The White Blackbird," and Wilhelm Hauff's "The Young Foreigner," done in a manner to delight both the original authors and Mr. Morley's own readers.

Christopher Morley



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The Phoenix Nest

WE have recently run across a book of short stories of the waterfront region of New Orleans which possesses color, romance, humor, and sharply etched tragic shadows. * * * It is called "Under the Levee," is published by Scribner's, and the author is a young newspaperman, *E. Earl Sparling*, who hails from Oklahoma City. He immediately enters the ranks of the natural-born storytellers and has produced a first book good enough to keep us on the lookout for his next. * * * Mr. Sparling is familiar with life in the Southwest particularly and his next book of tales may have the oil region for background. His ear for vernacular, his observation of the exotic, are worthy of remark in "Under the Levee." * * * *W. Pett Ridge* is an English writer we have always had a notion about, the notion being that he has yet to come into his full meed of appreciation. And recently we happened upon a article on him, by one *Richard Flecknoe*, in the English *Bookman* of last April. * * * Among other things Flecknoe notes that Pett Ridge knows and loves the London of today as Dickens knew and loved the London of his own time. * * * Also that "high life plays second fiddle to lower life when Pett Ridge calls the tune." * * * It was his fifth novel, "Mord Em'ly," that gave him popular success in England in 1898. Since then he has continued to deal with office boys, old women, shopkeepers, policemen, railway porters, and girls who work for a living. * * * He is chiefly a humane humorist. He holds that "the lives of the poor are in the lump brighter and more amusing than those of the well-to-do middle classes." * * * Pett Ridge's 1925 novel is "Just Like Aunt Bertha," Aunt B. being a very modern managing woman, who finally experiences the romance that may interrupt even the most practical. Pett Ridge's long suit is characterization, and Bertha, they say, is one of the most charming women he has drawn anywhere. * * * Though he now lives at Chislehurst, Pett Ridge may still be found almost any day roaming the loved London streets. He is a clubman and a witty after-dinner speaker. The following anecdote of his meeting with *Mark Twain* is related by Mr. Flecknoe:

> He was introduced to Mark Twain after a London dinner as "the Mark Twain of England," and while Mark was expressing his faith in the description, Pett Ridge interrupted, with his air of imperturbable gravity, to say that his introducer was in error: "What he meant to say was that you are the Pett Ridge of America." "Ah," said Mark Twain, taking his arm in friendly fashion, "now I know we shall get along together."

* * * We note *Everybody's Magazine* is now running a series of old stories with modern parallels, and also that the *Golden Book* has been reprinting some very good short stories of past years, the latest being *Perceval Gibbon's* "The Second Class Passenger." This brings us to the fact that we recently renewed our acquaintance with the Short Story Classics printed in 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son, and found lots of remarkably good stuff in them. Which is not surprising, inasmuch as they were edited by *William Patten*, a gentleman of most entertaining cultivation whose acquaintance we made some ten or twelve years ago. * * * As we remember it, Mr. Patten had then two especial literary enthusiasms, namely, for the works of *Henry Seton Merriman* and of *Guy Wetmore Carryl*. In Volume Four of the Collier series he includes a short story by the latter master of light literature, "The Next Corner." This story is from Carryl's volume, "Zut and Other Parisians," which appeared in the last year of Carryl's life. * * * Of course, to our mind, though their work is hardly comparable, Carryl at his best hardly surpassed his equally famous father, *Charles E. Carryl*, whose children's stories, "The Admiral's Caravan" and "Davy and the Goblin," certainly deserve immortality. * * * Mr. Patten, we see, picked at least four American short stories of the past which may or may not be remembered, but which remain red-lettered in our own memory. * * * First and foremost of these is *Virginia Tracy's* "The Lotus Eaters," of which the late *Richard Harding Davis* wrote, "Good as many people will find it, even they will not know how good it is." It certainly remains one of the very best stories of theatrical life that was ever penned. * * * Then comes Davis's own story, "A Derelict." This, to us, remains Davis's highest achievement in fiction. And *Ambrose Bierce's* "The Damned Thing" is, we think, as certainly, his finest story. * * * The day of the highly specialized fiction magazine is at its height. Western stories are segregated within one set of covers, love stories within another, detective stories within another, and so on. You can purchase a periodical full merely of the particular type of story you prefer. This leads inevitably to standardization to a degree it would have been hard to imagine some years ago. * * * But the standardization of fiction must have its limits. * * * Either the general magazine of varied fiction can come back into its own with an assortment every month reflecting true literary taste and discrimination, or the general fiction magazine will pass. It is an interesting speculation. * * * But what, after all, have the magazines to do with the development of the short story? To return to the author of "Under the Levee," with mention of whom we began this column today, here is a case of a writer submitting a manuscript volume of short stories without having previously sold a single one of the stories to any magazine; and here also is the case of a publishing house accepting and publishing the volume, simply because of the freshness and power exhibited in the stories themselves. * * * This, we take it, is a hopeful sign. For while it is true that short stories above the average would probably be recognized by the best magazines today, still it seems to us that this form of writing (one of the most difficult, and certainly involving, at its best, the subtlest craftsmanship) should not be entirely dependent upon the patronage of the periodicals, necessarily limited as they are in many diverse ways. * * * The reason why more volumes of short stories are not published is given as "supply and demand," and yet we feel that the proper development of this most potential form of writing demands a more open market. Well, enough of this pro and conning! In our next we shall hope to give you more news of the coming fall books. Meanwhile, pardon our ruminations!

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